RAMBLES

THROUGH

IRELAND;

BY A

FRENCH EMIGRANT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF

MONSIEUR DE LATOCNAYE,

BY

AN IRISHMAN.

VOL. II.

CORK:

PRINTED BY M. HARRIS, NO. 6, CASTLE-STREET.

1798.

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CHAP. I.

CONNACIA, OR CONNAUGHT.

PLATE-ROAD. . . . GALWAY. . . . EYRE CONNAUGHT.

ON the other ſide of the rivulet which ſeparates Momonia, or Munſter, from Connaught, I thought I was no longer in the ſame country. There was a ſtriking difference in the phyſiognomy of the people; their dwellings were arranged in a different manner; here their villages were interſected by fields, on the other ſide of the

ſtream the houſes were crowded together. Following a road on the brow of a hill, I introduced myſelf at Lord Riverſton's, at Pallace.

Tithes are not ſo oppreſſive here as in the reſt of the country; in Connaught they are levied only on corn and ſheep, whereas in Munſter the tenth part of the milk, eggs, chickens and vegetables may be claimed by the miniſter if he pleaſes.

At Portumna, on the Shannon, they are building a bridge after the model of thoſe at Wexford, Roſs and Waterford; bridges of this kind are beginning to be very common, but are not on that account the leſs beautiful. At this place the Shannon falls into Lough-Derg: an old caſtle, inhabited by the Marquis of Clanricard, may be ſeen here.

Twelve miles to the weſtward there is a charming little lake called Lough Rea, a pretty little town on its banks is called after it, which ſeems ſuperior to Galway, though

though the latter is a ſea-port; it is a pity they do not make a quay on the bank of the lake, which beſides being an ornament would be a charming walk.

I heard ſomething here of a junction to be made between Galway-bay and this lake on one ſide, and on the other with the Shannon, I do not think it would be very difficult: the country is not very mountainous, and the lake appears to be the higheſt part of it.

I had two letters for perſons nearly at the ſame diſtance from the town; I was doubtful to which I would go. Going out of the town I ſpoke to a man I met, "Do you know ſuch a one?" ſaid I. "Certainly," ſaid he, "he is *a very rich* "*man*." "What kind of a man is he?" ſaid I. "Why all I know is that he is *a* "*very fine gentleman*." "And Mr. ſuch "a one?" "Why he is *a good, hoſpitable*, "*well informed man*." I immediately reſolved to go to Caſtle-Taylor.

On the road I met ſome Iriſh peaſants, who wiſhed to enter into converſation with me, but unfortunately my knowledge of their language did not enable me to reliſh their diſcourſe; they made me underſtand, however, that they would carry my bundle for me, which they really did until I came near the houſe, where I was received in a manner that made me forget all my cares and fatigues.

There are more curioſities in this country than in many provinces, and Mr. Taylor took the trouble of ſhewing them to me. At ſome diſtance is a round fort called the palace of Dundorlaſs, where, it is ſaid, Goora, king of Connaught, reſided; there is not, however, the leaſt veſtige of any dwelling place; this palace was near a celebrated city called *Ardrahan*. It is now but a village; tradition, however, mentions it to have been formerly very extenſive; if the road leading to a town can enable us to form any idea of its extent, the remains of that which led to this would induce us to believe that it was twice larger than

than the preſent road; except there was an avenue of trees planted on each ſide, it is not eaſy to decide to what uſe it was converted. This road is called in Iriſh, *bother lan da naa mias . . . . the road the plates went*, and the ſtory from which this name originated is curious enough.

St. Macduagh, the king's brother, had retired to the mountains to pray with a friar; when they had remained two days there, the friar was not ſo much occupied by devotion, but he felt the grumblings of his ſtomach from time to time, this made him murmur, and he ſaid to the ſaint: "I beg your ſaintſhip's pardon, "but I believe you brought me here to "die of hunger; your brother Goora "gives a feaſt to his court to-day, I had "rather be there than here?" "Oh! man "of little faith," replied the ſaint, "do "you think I brought you here to die of "hunger?" And he immediately began to pray more fervently than ever. On a ſudden the friar was agreeably ſurpriſed to ſee an excellent dinner before him.

Nevertheleſs king Goora and his nobles returning from hunting very hungry, were very much ſurpriſed at ſeeing their plates and table fly away! on this occaſion they did what every perſon might do, who ſaw his dinner flying away: the cook with his ſpit, the ſervants and grooms, the dogs and cats accompanied the king and his court, either on foot or horſeback, and ran as faſt as they could after the plates.

The dinner, however, arrived an entire quarter of an hour before them, and the friar, who had juſt begun to ſatisfy his appetite, was terrified at ſeeing ſuch a crowd ready to ſnatch the bit from his mouth. He complained to the ſaint again, telling him it were better give him nothing to eat, than to get him knocked on the head by the hungry attendants of the court of Goora. "Oh! man of little faith," ſaid the ſaint, "let them come."

They ſoon arrived; but when they got within thirty paces of the friar the ſaint put them in the moſt diſagreeable ſituation any

any decent people can be in: he made their feet ſtick to the rock, and obliged them to look on at the friar's repaſt.—They ſtill ſhew in the rock the marks of the horſes hoofs, of the men, dogs, &c. and even of the lances, which were alſo ſtuck in the rock, for fear they ſhould take it into their heads to throw them at the friar. As theſe marks are viſible there can be no doubt of the truth of the ſtory, and ſince this time the road has been and is ſtill called *the road the plates went.*

Oh mighty St. Macduagh! how much I ſhould be obliged to your ſaintſhip, if you deigned to repeat this miracle from time to time in favour of a poor pilgrim like me!

This worthy ſaint is deſervedly reſpected in this country: there was a very large abbey here called after him: it was even a biſhopric, but is now joined to that of Killaloe. I have ſeen the ruins of it, which are really very fine: there were ſeven or eight ſmall churches, beſides the cathedral which

which muſt have been very conſiderable. Near it is a round tower very high and very well preſerved: the puritan ſoldiers of Oliver Cromwell, when paſſing through this country, were ſo wicked as to attempt to deſtroy it by firing ſome cannon ſhot, the marks of which are ſtill viſible towards the bottom. There were formerly many colleges and ſeminaries here for the education of prieſts; the ruins are ſtill extant. They perform very ſevere penance round this church; they firſt go round it barefooted and then on their knees: but as the pilgrimage is rather long, they are permitted to take the two thigh-bones of a ſkeleton to aſſiſt them. There is a tree in the grave-yard more particularly dedicated to the ſaint: the devotees preſerve bits of it as preventives againſt fire. I ſaw proteſtants who between joke and earneſt always kept bits about them: ſeveral inſtances of fire being extinguiſhed by them are mentioned. What a pity it was that I did not take a cargo of this wood, with what avidity the inſurance-company of London would purchaſe it!

Mr.

Mr. Taylor took me to one of his eſtates called Capavarna; on our way he made me remark many chaſms, which had been full of water five hours before and which were then dry, among others a little lake, which undoubtedly was a mile in circumference in the morning, and in which there was not enough of water then for cattle to quench their thirſt with.

This country appears to be ſupported by a lime-ſtone arch: there is no running water on the ſurface of the earth, but I ſaw ſubterraneous rivers in many of the caverns into which I deſcended; in many places the arch has given way, and from this proceed thoſe baſons of water and little lakes I ſpoke of, when theſe ſubterraneous rivers are overflowed at high tide: when the tide goes out the water diſappears by the rivers returning to their ancient channel. It is only within half a mile of the ſea that the current is ſeen, there is not the ſmalleſt appearance of it from the place where it diſappears, except in a few places where it is viſible for a moment. In winter

ter the water being accumulated in theſe rivers, overflows the inland country and forms lakes in places that have been meadows during the ſummer.

It would ſeem that all this country had been inundated by the ſea in ſome great convulſion of the earth, and that the ſoil which covered it had been entirely waſhed away. Plains of ſeven or eight miles long are ſtill to be ſeen, without the ſmalleſt veſtige of ſoil, and producing only a few hazle-trees, which grow between the rocks.

Theſe wild remote places were generally choſen by the Druids for the celebration of their religious ceremonies. Two of their altars are extant; that is, two enormous ſtones, twenty or thirty feet long and nearly as many broad, ſupported by three lateral ſtones ſeven or eight feet high. I got up on two of them; it is inconceivable how they could fix ſuch ſtones at ſuch a diſtance from the ground ſo firmly, that I believe it would be impoſſible to throw them

them down, except by breaking the lateral ſtones which ſupport them.

Some perſons have concluded from theſe altars being generally ſupported by theſe ſtones, that the Druids reſpected this number, and had ſome idea of a Trinity, like the Bramins of India. I am inclined to believe they conſidered the number as unimportant, except becauſe it was eaſier fix theſe altars on three ſtones than on any other number. Eight miles from Dublin, on the road to Bray, there is one ſupported by four ſtones, in Bannan's-glin: General Vallancey mentions one ſupported by two, and another by ſix. To give the reader ſome idea of the ſize of theſe altars, I may add, that under that which I ſaw near Cabin-teely in Bannan's-glin, a man and his wife, with a family of ten children, lived many years together with their dog, cat, goat, pig, and poultry, and would not have quitted it but becauſe the proprietor, wiſhing to ſhew this monument to the publick, built a cabin for them in the neighbourhood.

The

The little valley of Capavarna, forms a ſtriking contraſt with the barren deſert by which it is ſurrounded: the ſoil is very fertile, and the ſight is recreated by an intermixture of wood and cultivated ground, in the midſt of which there are very good roads to the curioſities I have mentioned. I remarked a large ſtone there, on which there is an inſcription in honour of the reſtoration of the rights of nature to the Iriſh in 1782.

This part of the country, though little known and ſeldom viſited, appears to me better entitled to the attention of travellers, than many more faſhionable places. Returning by the road *of the plates*, towards the celebrated city of *Ardrahan*, I paſſed near a *Cromliah* or large circle of ſtones: the learned have puzzled themſelves to know what theſe *Cromliah* were intended for; ſome have thought they were made round the burial place of a chief, or on account of ſome religious motive: I ſhould ſuppoſe them to have been erected for the ſame purpoſe as the *Raths*, for that of defence.

fence. On a little eminence, the only one on this ſtony plain, in digging the ground which had the appearance of being burned, a hideous ſtatue, ſuppoſed to be that of Beal, has been found.

Tradition reports that Beal (a word ſignifying the ſun, or rather a quality of the ſun) was adored in this place: on one of the ſides of the ſtatue is a biſhop's croſs, and on the other his keys. It is well known that, in the infancy of chriſtianity, the church was obliged to preſerve many heatheniſh rules to induce the people to adopt the precepts of the goſpel. In other parts of Europe the remains of the religion of the Druids are not ſo eaſily met with as in Ireland. What appeared to me to belong particularly to their worſhip was the devotion paid to wells. This cuſtom is univerſal in Ireland, though the ceremonies differ according to the veneration people have for the ſaint, who has ſucceeded the god or nymph they worſhipped before.

This country is covered with old caſtles, which the proprietors have called after themſelves, but if a perſon wiſhes to find out his way, he muſt learn their names in Iriſh, for the peaſants have not given themſelves the trouble, or rather do not wiſh to learn the modern names except they like the proprietors. There is no turf in this country, the inhabitants muſt go to the other ſide of Galway-bay; the only wood to be met with is in the valley of Capavarna: on this account the proprietor has no ſmall trouble in preventing the country people from cutting it down.

The nakedneſs of the poor near Galway is ſhocking: are there no means of opening ſome channels of induſtry, and rendering their miſery more ſupportable?—Their huts do not ſeem calculated for human beings, and yet they are crowded with healthy, freſh looking children. It is eaſy to perceive this for they are ſtark naked, and often play before the doors of the cabins without any kind of garment.

Theſe

Theſe poor people, however, though in ſuch a ſtate of wretchedneſs, as thoſe who are in a more comfortable ſituation can form no idea of, are humane, well-diſpoſed, patient, and, whatever avarice may ſuggeſt to the contrary, would be induſtrious and laborious, if they found that labour and induſtry produced any amelioration of their condition. They live entirely on potatoes, and have a great reſpect for this root. One day I aſked one of the peaſants, who was the father of a dozen fine children, "How do your countrymen manage to get ſuch a number of healthy children?" "*It is the potatoe, ſir,*" ſaid he.

I met with many ſchools near the hedges, on account of the reaſon I mentioned before: it is a great miſtake to ſuppoſe the peaſants in this country either ignorant or ſtupid; miſery ſtupifies them it is true, and renders them indifferent to every thing, but, I declare, I never ſaw any claſs of men better diſpoſed to ſerve their country, if their country would do ſomething for them to merit their affection.

I went to Mr. Blake's, at Ardfrey, from whoſe houſe there is a fine proſpect of Galway-bay; there had been a finer proſpect in the houſe, but the amiable A . . . had too many charms to remain buried in obſcurity. Almoſt all the inhabitants here, rich or poor, are catholics; except that the rich went to the eſtabliſhed church formerly to preſerve their property, and go there now to be returned to parliament. Thirty years ago the proprietor of a fine eſtate, called *Oranmore*, for fear ſome relation of his ſhould take it into his head to become proteſtant in order to deprive him of his property, went to the biſhop and offered to abjure the *ſuperſtitions of the church of Rome*. "What motives my "ſon," ſaid the paſtor, "induce you to "return to the ſheepfold of the Lord, and "to abandon *the whore of Babylon?*"—*Oranmore*, anſwered the other, and to the queſtions generally aſked, on ſuch occaſions, he anſwered *Oranmore!* the biſhop heſitated whether he ſhould permit him to approach the communion-table from ſo worldly a motive; but he had offered to conform

conform to the act of parliament, and this was all that could be required.

I went over the fine bay of Galway to the city from which it gets its name: it is ſituated advantageouſly between a great lake and the ſea: the river which flows out of the lake becomes a torrent for a quarter of a mile before it falls into the ſea; they have made no canal, and the port is outſide the city.

A perſon is ſurpriſed on entering Galway to ſee how the ſtreets are laid out, and eſpecially the ſituation of the houſes, which are built after a quite different model from what they are in the reſt of Ireland. They have almoſt all the gable-end and a coach-door to the ſtreet, like the houſes of the old towns on the continent. It is ſaid to have been built by the Spaniards to whom it belonged;* the regularity of the plan is

* I mention this as I heard it: it is very uncertain at what period the Spaniards were maſters of Ireland. On all the weſtern coaſts, from Bantry to Galway, they are ſtill remembered, and the names of ſome places are Spaniſh as *Valentia*, &c.

ſtill evident; it is mentioned, alſo, that the foundation was laid by thirteen families, whoſe names are very common, and that whilſt a lady of the name of Joyce was looking at the workmen, an eagle let a gold chain fall into her lap and put a crown upon her head. The family of the Joyce's preſerve the gold chain ſtill, at leaſt I have been told ſo. Every nation is fond of fables; if Galway had become a ſecond Rome, this would have been believed.

The commerce of this city was formerly very conſiderable but has dwindled away: at preſent induſtry ſhould be encouraged there, the beggars ſhould be made work, and madmen ſhould be hindred from running wild through the ſtreets. A wine-merchant told me the cauſe, in his opinion, of the decay of trade at Galway, "Before "they knew how to make wine in France," ſaid he, "it was made here in Galway." "What!" ſaid I, "ſure there were never "vines in this country?" "No," ſaid he, "but the wine in France was barely the "juice

"juice of the grape, and it was brought "to Galway to render it *drinkable;* unfor- "tunately the merchants of Bourdeaux "know how to prepare it now as well as "we did, and this has ruined our trade."

They are not accuſtomed to ſee ſtrangers in this country, and they were kind enough to look on me as a ſecond *Cræſus.* The people appeared ſo determined to make me pay *the expenſe of the war*, that I ſhould have been at a loſs for a lodging if Mr. Anthony Lynch, to whom I was recommended, had not offered me a bed at his houſe.

Lough-Carrib, which falls into the ſea at Galway, is about thirty miles in length, and I am convinced that by means of one or two ſluices, boats might ſail up the river. This lake is formed by rocks at the mouth of the river, and turf in the place it flows from. It appears there was formerly a canal which ſurrounded the old wall and fell into the bay; it is filled up this long time, and houſes have been built on

on it; ſince they would not go to the expenſe of ſuch a work at preſent, they might at leaſt take advantage of the river-water above the town to have a ſtream in every ſtreet: there are few places where it would be more wanted: I think it would be proper alſo to throw down the old wall which is uſeleſs and moſtly in ruins; if they built quays along the river and ſea, they would be no ſmall embelliſhment to this city.

The ſhops are open here on ſundays as well as on week-days, eſpecially the whiſkey-ſhops, which are more frequented on holidays than at other times; they all, however, go to their reſpective places of worſhip. It is common for ſhop-keepers to have their windows half ſhut, but the door quite open.

There are ſeveral clubs, where people read the newſpapers, among others the *amicable ſociety*, where a perſon cannot be admitted without being a ſubſcriber, but every perſon may go to the *mercantile coffee-houſe*.

fee-houſe. The principal eccleſiaſtic here is called *warden*, he has as much power as biſhops elſewhere, a privilege granted formerly by the pope to the chapter, when he allowed them to chooſe the warden among the canons. The proteſtants have followed the ſame plan ſince the reformation: they are all catholics here, and it is very lucky there are ſo many proteſtant miniſters, for otherwiſe there would be nobody of the eſtabliſhed church.

The young men of Ireland go to ſeek their fortune in foreign countries, and contrive to ſoften the hearts of old widows, in ſpite of brothers, ſiſters, children, and even grand-children; but the Iriſh ladies not being able to go in queſt of ſimilar adventures, appear to have aſſembled by agreement at Galway. During ſummer they flock in here from every corner of Connaught, under pretence of ſea-bathing; but I would venture to ſwear it is for ſome more important purpoſe.

There

There are few countries in which there are more pretty brunettes, and every thing ſeems to contribute to the ſucceſs of their *humane* plans. The milliners give them credit for ribbons and every other article of female dreſs, and reſerve their bill until the day after marriage; then the poor huſband is like thoſe conquered nations, whom the conquerors oblige to pay for the bomb-ſhells and cannon-balls with which they have been mowed down.

There are publick aſſemblies daily at a moderate price; ſometimes the ladies are dreſſed, ſometimes half-dreſſed, and ſometimes undreſſed, and according to theſe different degrees theſe meetings are called aſſembly, drum, or promenade. The price of entrance differs according to the name. The greateſt gaiety and eaſe reign there; in fact the belles of Galway are capable of inſtructing the French ladies in coquetry. It may naturally be expected that ſuch a number of fair ones would attract a great number of young men, who go there merely to amuſe themſelves, and often return with

with an additional *rib*. In this town is a gentleman who was formerly a catholic prieſt, and who having nothing to live on but the forty pounds a year granted by law, increaſes his revenue by marrying people after the *Scotch faſhion*. In the morning five or ſix young ladies, ſtowed in a *car*, with their legs hanging out, go two miles from the city to refreſh their charms in the ſea; and in the evening, if there be no aſſembly, they go from ſhop to ſhop buying, laughing, and chatting with their friends whom they meet on the way. Galway muſt be a delightful place for young men during the ſummer months.

There are, however, in this good city ſome ladies who grow old without perceiving it, and who go about *ſhopping*, dancing and bathing until they are upwards of fifty: but I am convinced there is no country where they could paſs their time more agreeably.

The country about Galway is the moſt barren and rocky in Ireland, although the eaſtern

eaſtern bank of the river being lime-ſtone, thoſe places that have been cleared are very fertile. It is an odd remark, but one I have often made, the uglier the country is, the handſomer the women, in this they are charming; Connomara, ſaid to be the moſt abominable country in the univerſe, muſt be inhabited by angels. This reflection confirmed me in my idea of viſiting it.

It is very extraordinary that this extenſive country, which forms a part of the county of Galway and is within fifteen miles of the city, ſhould be leſs known than the iſlands of the Pacific Ocean. Some perſons, from whom I inquired about it, gave me vague anſwers; others begged of me not to venture into a country inhabited by ſavages, and where I would not even get a ſtone to ſit on. The more they ſaid againſt it, the more deſirous I was of viſiting ſo formidable a country. The people of Galway were formerly ſo much afraid of it, that they engraved on the city gate, on that ſide, *Oh! God deliver us from the ferocious O'Flaherty's*, and decreed, beſides,

ſides, that any perſon of that name found in Galway ſhould be put to death.

I took courage, however, and went out through the place where this gate was; after travelling fourteen or fifteen miles I got to Lemon's-fields, Sir James O'Flaherty's place; this gentleman had nothing ferocious about him, on the contrary he received me very politely. The country from Galway to this place is called Eyre Connaught, but is not yet Connemara. In many places it is tolerably well cultivated, and though not much frequented is by no means a wild country. The proſpect of Lough-Carrib is very fine; it is covered with iſlands, the majority of which are cultivated. If you aſk the number of theſe iſlands, you will be told three hundred and ſixty-five, one for every day in the year: I ſaw three lakes in Ireland, where there was the ſame number, or rather to avoid the trouble of counting them, the peaſants mention this number in preference to any other.

Though this intermixture of land and water has a pleaſing effect, it reminds a ſtranger of inundations, and this idea diminiſhes the beauty of the proſpect. Nothing could convince me that theſe lakes ſhould exiſt, and I am firmly of opinion that in proportion to the progreſs of induſtry they will be drained.

In this neighbourhood there are ſome curioſities; the ſtone is of the ſame kind as in the abbey of Killmacduagh, and here alſo are ſubterraneous rivers which often appear and diſappear: as this happens from time to time their courſe may be traced: in one place they have taken advantage of the natural arch to build the road over it: in another a large caſtle was built in ancient times; it held out, it is ſaid, a ſiege againſt Oliver Cromwell's ſoldiers, who, not wiſhing to loſe any more time before it, began to retreat; the poor governor, glad of this, appeared at the window and was ſhot by a ſoldier; on this the caſtle immediately ſurrendered.

The

The country of Connemara and of Eyre Connaught is quite ſeparated from the reſt of Ireland by two great lakes, *Lough-Carrib* and *Lough-Maſk:* both are near ſixty miles in length. The riſing ground between theſe lakes and Galway-bridge are the only ways of getting into this country by land. Soldiers have never ventured into it, and it has been always the aſylum of deſerters and ſmugglers: even now poor peaſants go and enliſt on the other ſide, and when they are paid and clothed take the firſt opportunity of coming here and are never afterwards heard of.

Lough-Carrib is nine or ten miles broad; there is a ferry oppoſite a little town called Conne, near which is a deep cavern into which the water flows from the lake. Boats are ſometimes ſeen there for the purpoſe of carrying on a trade which may appear very inſignificant, that of turf, but it often ſerves to cover ſome caſks of brandy, which boatmen bring from Connemara, without expoſing it to the prying eye of a revenue-officer.

Many Iriſh peers are called after theſe great lakes, and after rivers; for inſtance Lord *Carrib*, Lord *Neagh*, Lord *Earn*, &c. One of the moſt reſpectable noblemen at whoſe houſe I have been is called Lord *Shannon*, another derives his title from the bay of *Kenmare*, another from that of *Glandore:* ſometimes they are called after a high mountain; I heard of a man who aſſumed the title of *Lord Peloponneſus, Earl of Greece*. Since their vanity is flattered by theſe high-ſounding titles, why is there no perſon who has aſſumed the title of *Lord Atlantic?* . . . . . How delightful that of *Lady Ocean* would ſound! Piron has given his poet the name of *Monſieur Empyræum*, as the only tract of country to which the hungry votaries of the muſes could lay claim. Why do not the Iriſh lords imitate him, and ſince they do not wiſh to preſerve their family-names, adopt the name of one of their eſtates?

In many parts of this country I remarked heaps of ſtones, of which I could not conceive the uſe. I was told they were a kind

kind of homage to the dead; when a funeral paſſes near the place the people ſtop, and do not go on until a pile is raiſed in honour of the deceaſed; I believe this is done only in favour of perſons much regretted in the country.

Theſe piles are called *Carn* in Iriſh, and the higher they are raiſed, the more honour they confer on the deceaſed. *Ni curfadh me leach ar do carn*, that is to ſay, I would not throw a ſtone on your tomb, is a term of reſentment among the inhabitants of this country, as much as if, in other countries, a wife told her huſband ſhe hoped to dance a horn-pipe on his grave.

There is alſo a holy fountain here; it is remarkable becauſe water appears in two places, in one of which it ſerves for the common purpoſes of life; the penitents alone drink of the other, and waſh their eyes with it. It is a ſubterraneous ſtream ſimilar to the one I ſpoke of, though ſmaller. When theſe good people have ſaid their prayers, they hang ſome rags on the

brambles, which they would not take away on any conſideration. I do not know what they mean by it: they do penance not on their bare knees, but bare-footed: there muſt have been a chapel formerly where they ſaid maſs; except it was celebrated in the open air, for the altar remains ſtill and there is no veſtige of a building.

Auchterard is the laſt village of *Eyre Connaught*, there are mineral waters in this place, and a waterfall, which ſerve as inducements to perſons to come from Galway: the proſpect of the lake and of its numerous iſlands ſhould be ſufficient to attract viſitors; there are alſo large barracks at ſome diſtance; they are ſituated on a branch of one of the ſubterraneous rivers I have ſpoken of, and ſerve as an hoſpital for the garriſon of Galway.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

CONNEMARA.... MANNER OF BAKING LEAVEN.

ANTEDILUVIAN REFLECTIONS.

I RESOLVED to begin my tour through the country of Connemara; I had ſcarcely got out of the village of Auchterard, when the horſes, Sir John was kind enough to lend me, began to plunge and kick..... They did not appear very willing to take this journey, and began to caper over the plain: the one I rode even lay down: it was with no ſmall difficulty I made him get up and go on. Balaam's aſs did not ſtand more on ceremony, before he carried his maſter among the Iſraelites: all my poor horſe wanted was to ſpeak: ſeeing, however, that I was determined, he became more ſubmiſſive, and I entered Connemara.

It is certainly a curious country; it is almoſt entirely a deſert covered with high mountains

mountains and lakes. In ſome places, however, there are a few blades of graſs, which would lead a perſon to believe that it is not quite incapable of improvement; this country belongs chiefly to Colonel Martin, and is ſixty miles long and forty broad: it is a large eſtate, and in ſpite of its wild aſpect, brings him in ten or twelve thouſand a year: this is ſcarcely four-pence an acre.

Some years ago he had a French valet de chambre, poſſeſſed of a tolerable ſhare of underſtanding, to whom he gave a tract of ground to improve, and even built a houſe for him; this man actually cultivated a large ſpace of ground near the houſe, which ſtill has a pleaſing effect in the middle of this deſert: but being alone and ſeparated from ſociety, he became tired of his ſituation and diſappeared.

I went to Colonel Martin's place at Ballinahinch; for a man of his large fortune he has choſen a wild retreat; his houſe was built by his father for an inn, and the

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next town to it is Galway thirty-five miles off; they are obliged to ſend there for proviſions and even for bread, which they are often at a loſs for, on account of the ſcarcity of barm.

It is very odd that in Great Britain and Ireland they do not know how to make bread as they do in France, and that they muſt always ſend to the brewer's for barm: in remote parts of the country they muſt conſequently often be without bread. I never could have imagined it to be ſo difficult to make it. Our good women on the continent make bread with the greateſt eaſe. The operation conſiſts in letting ſome fermented bread turn ſour and then mixing it with the flour they wiſh to make bread of, taking care to put a ſufficient quantity, to prevent the bread from being ſour. I am ſure that a week's experience would be ſufficient; but John Bull does not like to change his old method. As I wiſh to render this work as uſeful as poſſible, I have paid ſome attention to this ſubject: and the reader will find a minute account

account of the manner of making leaven on the continent in a note, with a ſpecimen of my Engliſh. *

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* They give the name of leaven to a quantity of dough put into fermentation, occaſioned by the addition of ſome of the old dough preſerved from the precedent kneading.

The manner of getting it good, is to mix (the day before one intends to bake, and before going to bed) a little of the dough before mentioned, with a third of the flour intended to make bread: the whole is to be mixed and diluted with cold water: this forms a compact dough, which ought to be left all night in a corner of the trough, covered with a proportion of flour, raiſed in rolls and preſſed hard to give it more ſolidity, and to prevent the leaven from extending itſelf out of its limits. The day after, at about ſix in the morning, it is fit to be uſed; with cold water it commonly takes ſeven or eight hours to be ready, with warm about three, but the dough is always ſoft.

If found that on the following day the leaven was paſſed, that is, already turned ſour, as may happen in the great heat of ſummer, or when a ſtorm has taken place during the night; it is then ſufficient to renew and refreſh it, by adding to it half of its weight in new flower and cold water: in three hours after, it is fit to be uſed. When

I do not know from what author this paſſage has been taken: it was ſent me from London, by one of my friends, whom I had commiſſioned to inquire about the manner the peaſants make bread in Germany.

When the leaven is thus prepared, they begin by putting it entire without breaking it, with a proportion of water, and it ought to be diluted very quickly and very exactly to prevent any lumps from remaining; when it is ſufficiently diluted, they add to it the remainder of the water, which ought to be cold in ſummer, and tepid, or warm, on the contrary, in winter, to counteract the effects of the hands in the two ſeaſons, and to produce an oppoſite one. They then mix all the flower deſtined to be employed with the leaven, and aſſemble the whole in a lump which they work with the hands, carrying it from left to right, heaving it up, cutting and dividing it with the fingers folded and the thumb ſtretched out: that is what is called thrilling; they work it up ſeveral times in the ſame manner, ſcraping the trough every time; they introduce afterwards, in the lump, the dough that has been detached from it with a little water, and carry it in the ſame manner on the other ſide; this is what is called *contre fraſer*, or thrilling in the oppoſite way. The kneading is ended by making a hollow place in the dough and pouring water in it: this labour ſerves to divide and confound the coarſeſt

many. It was ſent me written in French, and I have tranſlated it into Engliſh: the tranſlation is probably incorrect, but provided I am underſtood it is all I require: thoſe who do not chooſe to read it may paſs it over.

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coarſeſt part of the flour, and by the continued, quick and ſpeedy motion, forms new air, which renders the dough more viſcous, more equal, longer and lighter, and it produces a bread better taſted and whiter; this third labour is called *Baſſinage* or fermentation. To add yet to the perfection which the fermentation gives to the dough, they ſtrike it with the hands, preſſing it by the ſides and folding it up on itſelf, extending and cutting it with the hands cloſed and letting it fall with effort. The dough being thus ſufficiently worked out, is taken from the trough and divided into ſuch parts as are judged proper, cutting and ſtriking it ſtill, and placing it in a lump near the oven, where it muſt remain half an hour in winter, to enable it to preſerve its warmth and to ferment: it muſt be turned and divided, on the contrary, when the weather is hot.

The effect of fermentation is to attennuate and divide the new dough, to introduce in it a good deal of air, which as it cannot diſengage itſelf entirely, being

I am ſure this is an excellent piece, filled with fine hard words, which I have got with hard labour in the dictionary. I could have delivered this fine method, as a phyſician does his pills, perhaps, alſo, ſome people will think me a fool not to have done it: as for me, had I diſcovered a marvellous receipt to cure the plague, the ague, and even the miniſterial or an-

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being prevented by its viſcoſity and conſiſtency, forms in it eyes or little concavities, raiſes it up, widens and ſwells it: it is for that reaſon, that this portion of flour kneaded with the old dough, which determines all its effects, has obtained the name of leven or *levain* from the French *lever* to riſe.

This operation requires a certain degree of heat to be made ſlowly and gradually: it is eſſential to accelerate or ſtop the fermentation according to the ſeaſon of the year, to make it produce its effects about the ſame time in ſummer or winter; for that purpoſe the dough ought to be put in baſkets covered with linen or flannels, in a warm or cold place according to the ſeaſon; fire muſt be put in the oven, as the neceſſary time to heat it, is much about that required for the fermentation to come to its point, or for the bread to have taken what is called its due preparation.

tiministerial fever, I would think it my duty to give it to the publick as generously.

I perceive after all that I have no great difficulty in writing English. I regret now that my *promenade* is in French, but since I have begun I must continue, and come back to the wild Connemara, where, I think, this dissertation is placed with more propriety than at London, where likely John Bull would have scorned and d—d my labour.

I never saw a rich man so careless about the affairs of this world as Colonel Martin; he is very well disposed, and seems to have nothing so much at heart as the improvement of his estate. Unfortunately some adventurers have defrauded him of considerable sums of money, under pretence of looking for mines or clearing ground, and afterwards left him.

The fortune of any individual would not suffice for cultivating and peopling so extensive a tract of country as Connemara:

mara: if government made an agreement with the proprietor and built cottages for ſixty thouſand inhabitants, furniſhing them with inſtruments of tillage, ground rent-free, grain to ſow and proviſions for the two firſt years; I am convinced they would be able to ſupport themſelves the third.

The only good plan the proprietor of it could adopt would be that which Colonel Martin has followed, he has given refuge to the unfortunate victims obliged by perſecution to fly from the north of Ireland. I ſaw ſeveral families eſtabliſhed there, who had been under the neceſſity of quitting their former dwellings: he gives them land rent free during a certain number of years, after which they muſt pay a very low rent.

Theſe poor people have been driven from their country in a wanton and cruel manner: they received a card written as follows: Peter, James, &c. you have ſo many days to diſpoſe of your property, *and to go to Connaught or to hell, for here*

you muſt not dwell. I ſhall explain, when I come to the place, the cauſe of theſe religious and political quarrels. I ſhall only mention here that thoſe who did not obey the barbarous mandate of their enemies, were often murdered or had their houſes burned.

I ſaw many of theſe eſtabliſhments in a more proſperous ſtate than could be expected from the ſoil. If a proprietor laid by annually what would ſuffice to build ten or twelve cabins, and purchaſe as many cows, he would attract a great number of labourers. This has not been forgotten, but the offers muſt be very advantageous to prevail on labourers to ſettle in a part of the world ſecluded from ſociety, covered with turf, and ſo full of water, that from the top of Mount Leitrig, it appeared to me like a ſea full of high mountains and ridges of land, there are ſo many lakes and they are ſo near each other.

The Colonel had begun to build an elegant houſe on the banks of a pretty little lake

lake at the foot of this mountain, but when the foundation was laid he perceived it would be ſo expenſive, that he abandoned it, at leaſt for the preſent. It is certain that a palace would look very odd in the middle of a turf-bog, but it would ſerve the country by inducing the people to cultivate it.

In ſome places near the lakes there are little woods and ſpots of verdure, which have a more pleaſing effect on account of the contraſt; it is plain that a little care would increaſe their number. We muſt not ſuppoſe that the few inhabitants who dwell in this country are either more wicked or poorer than elſewhere, (the obſervation I made with reſpect to poor and rich countries is applicable here) they are on the contrary better clad than near the metropolis. It is very eaſy to call people ſavages and to ridicule their miſery. But do you know where I have found real ſavages? . . . . . It was at Paris, at London, at Dublin, at Edinburgh, in ſhort in all large cities. What animal in the world is

more ferocious and cruel than thoſe men who, proud of their ill-acquired riches, treat with contempt thoſe who are not daubed over with gold like themſelves: who inſult genius and merit in diſtreſs: who, far from aſſiſting a worthy friend, look on with indifference at the ruin he has incurred by not wiſhing to become bankrupts like them, and would contribute to make him languiſh in priſon for a trifling debt he may owe them, and which it is not in his power to pay?

I have reſumed my uſual moderation, for I had really got into a paſſion: but my anger, whether I am ſpeaking or writing, is ſoon over. Yes! it is true, there are ſavages and barbarians, but there are alſo worthy ſouls conſtantly endeavouring to promote the happineſs of their fellow-creatures, and the pleaſure of meeting one of theſe amply compenſates for the indignation we feel againſt thoſe who, like Satan, delight only in miſchief. So much for moralizing, let us return to Connemara.

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The ſafe and deep harbours by which this country is interſected, together with the facility of landing without being annoyed by revenue-officers, have induced many to ſettle on the coaſts for the *ſmuggling buſineſs*, as it is publickly called. I entered many cabins and aſked for brandy and claret without any circumlocution, and the people did not appear to be ſurpriſed at my demand: one woman told me, after a moment's hesitation, "There "is none at preſent in the houſe, but my "huſband is at ſea, and if you return in "a month, you ſhall have as much as you "pleaſe.

Though the coaſt reſembles the interior part of the country, it is better peopled on account of the *trade* carried on there: it is alſo drier and for the moſt part covered with large ſtones, the intervals between which are induſtriouſly cultivated by the inhabitants.

In every country men are inclined to profit by the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures;

creatures; ſhipwrecks generally excite the avidity of the lower claſs of people; it is with no ſmall difficulty that the laws can prevent ſhips that have been caſt away from being plundered, and even the ſailors from being put to death, ſhould they make any reſiſtance. To avert this misfortune government allows every proprietor who ſaves a ſhipwrecked veſſel from plunder, a compenſation for his trouble and riſk, called *ſalvage*. Whilſt I was in Connemara, a veſſel was caſt away on the eſtate of a perſon who was abſent; the country people ſoon got on board and began to plunder: the captain ſent to beg aſſiſtance from Colonel Martin, who immediately diſpatched ſome of his farmers with arms, and the plunderers were ſoon diſperſed.

This country may be called the eaſtern boundary of the ocean; there is not a ſingle iſland between the coaſt and America; but an extenſive bank, or rather mountain, in the ſame direction with thoſe of this country, may be traced as far as Newfoundland, and it is on this bank they fiſh for cod. The

The ancient Greek authors, particularly Plato, have tranſmitted to us the traditions of antiquity; they pretend that an immenſe iſland, or rather continent, has been ſwallowed up in the ſea to the weſt of Europe. It is more than probable the inhabitants of this country never heard of Plato, or of the Greeks, yet they have a ſimilar tradition among them. *Our country will reappear one day*, ſay the old men to the young, taking them, a certain day in the year, to the top of a mountain and ſhewing them the ſea. The fiſhermen on the coaſt alſo pretend they ſee towns and villages at the bottom of the ſea. Their deſcriptions of this imaginary land are as romantic as thoſe of the land of promiſe; there are ſtreams of milk and others of honey flowing through it: this does not appear to be of their invention, for they would dream of ſome ſtreams of whiſkey and porter alſo.

They cannot determine at what period their country was ſwallowed up by the waves; but they ſeem to be convinced that it really happened; they think it was done by

by ſome magicians, who were their enemies, and that a time will come when their country will riſe out of the ſea as flouriſhing as before it had been overwhelmed by the ocean.

Theſe ſingular opinions may induce us to make ſome reflections on the ſituation of Ireland, and on different productions peculiar to it, and of which there are no traces on the continent of Europe. Ireland appears to be a large rock in the middle of the ſea. In other countries the land riſes from the coaſt towards the middle, but in this the coaſts, particularly the weſtern, are the moſt elevated ſituations; the large rivers do not riſe in the interior parts of the country, but on the coaſts at the diſtance of ſome miles from the ſea. For inſtance the Shannon riſes near Sligo, the Derg near Ballyſhannon, &c. &c. There is every appearance that a vaſt territory, ſupported on a leſs firm baſis, was ſeparated from Ireland and covered by the ſea.

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This idea may appear ridiculous, but after the deſcription I have given of the country near Galway, who would be ſurpriſed at one day hearing that all this part of the counties of Galway and Clare had ſuddenly diſappeared, and that where there were formerly rocks ſupported by an arch, there are now waves. I am convinced that this would have happened before now, if the high mountains which ſurround this country near the ſea had not preſerved it. Does not this chain of mountains, which may be traced as far as America, prove that this iſland was a portion of a large continent, which perhaps joined the new world?

No tradition makes mention of the monſtrous animal to which the enormous horns often found in bogs belonged. It muſt, however, have been an object of curioſity in a country, which it could run through from one extremity to the other in two or three days. Can we ſuppoſe that nature, always wiſe and uniform in her works, would place this gigantic ſpecies of ſtag

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in an iſland which muſt have been a priſon to it, whilſt there are no traces of it in the *ancient* continent of Europe, in Aſia, Africa, or even in Great Britain, only a ſcore miles diſtant from the north of Ireland? The ſpecies, however, exiſts in the woods of North America, though ſmaller than that of which the horns and bones have been found in the marſhes of Ireland. But it might have degenerated in the new world as other animals have.

Every one is licenſed to fabricate a ſyſtem: mine is that the globe has undergone various and terrible revolutions:—that where there was formerly land, there is now nothing but water to be ſeen: that there are flouriſhing cities in places heretofore the habitation of the finny race: and from the obſervations I have made I am convinced that Ireland is a rocky corner of an immenſe continent, which has diſappeared, and left this ſpot behind becauſe the tremendous gulph did not extend ſo far.

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Here is another obſervation which may appear ſtill more paradoxical. The ſudden immerſion of ſo conſiderable a maſs of land, which I ſuppoſe to extend from Spitzbergen on the one ſide, and to join Ireland, the Azores and Newfoundland on the other, muſt have made the waters of the ocean aſcend above the land which remained in its former ſituation; hence the deluge, even according to the language of the bible, *the gates of the abyſs were opened and then ſhut.*

During ſo terrible a convulſion every thing lighter than water would float on the ſurface of the ocean, and be driven to different places by the wind, and when the water had retired, thoſe matters would be collected and depoſited in vallies and on the ſides of mountains oppoſite to the currents. In warm climates theſe heterogenous matters, expoſed to the alternate action of heat and moiſture, would be ſoon reduced to duſt; this would be diſperſed by the wind, and the ſolid parts only by retaining longer their primitive form, could

be diſtinguiſhed. In moiſt countries on the contrary, they would be accumulated and increaſed by the plants which might grow on them. Hence theſe marſhes or bogs ſo common in Ireland, and ſituated as in the north of Scotland, to the eaſt of the mountains which ſtopped them, when the waters retired to the weſt and depoſited them in the ſituations they are found; if their origin was entirely owing to moiſture, they would be found on the oppoſite ſide, becauſe it is much more expoſed to rain, which comes from the weſt.

It is ſaid that theſe bogs are increaſing, and that there are ſome at preſent in places where there were formerly woods. If theſe woods had been cut down or burned in a warm, dry climate, they would have been ſoon deſtroyed by the alternation of heat and cold, and of dryneſs and moiſture. But in a moiſt climate they are ſoon covered with moſs and other plants, and by remaining in a ſituation always moiſt, become bogs or marſhes. The plants growing on the ſurface of theſe marſhes multiply

multiply by degrees, and probably though the turf ſhould be cut away, if the water be not drained off there will a freſh ſupply.

What a charming thing it is to build ſyſtems! I am not ſurpriſed that we have ſo many fools employed in this ſpecies of architecture. . . . . A perſon who indulges in theſe reveries imagines himſelf preſent at the creation, and arranges every thing according to his caprice; it is very amuſing for the author, but as it may not be equally ſo for the reader, it is time to return to Connemara.

I got among the mountains without any other guide than my horſe, who did not appear much pleaſed with his journey. This country is really fit for wolves, though there are none there. There is ſometimes an agreeable proſpect of the large and numerous bays which are all very deep, and whoſe banks are greener than the reſt of the country: there are alſo one or two tolerable houſes and ſome villages.

I was often obliged to diſmount to avoid a quagmire: my horſe found it ſo difficult to get over them alone, that I believed he would not have been able to carry me on his back. I often met women going about from one place to another and knitting all the while; the worſted ſtockings they knit are the only proof of the exiſtence of Connemara to many people in Ireland. It was no eaſy matter for me to find out my way: in ſome parts there was ſcarcely any appearance of a path, and I ſaw very few cabins where I might go to aſk *ca' whill an ſlighe:* I met ſome men on my way who were kind enough, when they came near me, to take off their hats and bow to the ground, ſaying *God bleſs you, ſir*. They ſeemed highly ſatisfied when I ſpoke to them: one of them, in order to enjoy the pleaſure of converſing in Engliſh with a ſtranger, followed me upwards of a mile with his hat under his arm, and I could not prevail with him to put it on his head.

At a place where there is no longer any path, Colonel Martin's guide, ſeeing me at

at a loſs, called out to me from the top of a mountain. He had ſcarcely come up with me, when my horſe putting his foot on a round ſtone fell on his noſe, and threw me on my ſide: while I was down this man and his countrymen were crying out, *God bleſs you ſir, God bleſs you;* and when he ſaw me get up, *pleaſe your honour you are hard to be hurt,* ſaid he. Going round a large bay which advances between the mountains, I arrived, without meeting any other accident, at Mr. Anthony O'Flaherty's, at Renville, on the banks of the beautiful bay of Killery: it is not more than nine miles in length, but is every where very deep, and ſhips are well ſheltered in it. If Connemara was better inhabited, and carried on any trade, its numerous and ſafe harbours would be found very advantageous.

The part of the country adjacent to the coaſt appears to have been formerly inhabited; marks of furrows are often found in places which the inhabitants do not remember to have ſeen cultivated, and here,

as elſewhere, whatever they do not comprehend they aſcribe to the Danes. This country was certainly cultivated in ancient times by an intelligent people whoever they were: they had dried and cultivated large bogs; their method appears to have conſiſted in throwing ſand and pebbles on them after draining off the water. This alone, without the aſſiſtance of lime, rendered them ſolid and fit for cultivation.

On this ſide of the mountains of Connemara there is no lime-ſtone, but there was formerly a large heap of oyſter-ſhells, with which they made a very compact kind of mortar: this has been uſed to build an old caſtle near the ſea coaſt; the ſtones are ſo firmly connected that the whole building looks like one ſtone: Mr. O'Flaherty has made uſe of it in building his houſe; unfortunately there is no more of it.

The inhabitants of the coaſts burn ſea-weed, and procure, by this means, a grey, hard ſubſtance for making glaſs, called *kelp*; this is the chief branch of induſtry here,

here, and is profitable: there is now hardly a tree viſible in this country, but there muſt have been many formerly: they are ſtill found in turf by a very ſimple proceſs. The inhabitants go through the bogs early in the morning with an iron ſpit; they ſtick the ſpit in the places where they perceive the dew to have fallen, and they are almoſt ſure not only of finding wood, but of being able to tell its length, thickneſs and quality, by renewing the operation along the tree. When they are ſure of finding it they dig in the turf. Theſe trees are found enough, and are the only wood uſed by the inhabitants for building their cabins.

CHAP. III.

WESTPORT. . . . SLIGO. . . . THE SOURCE OF THE SHANNON.

I CROSSED over the beautiful bay of Killery, and after coaſting that of Clew, arrived early enough at Lord Altamount's, at

at Weſtport-houſe. I felt exquiſite pleaſure at being able to pay my reſpects to the daughter of the victorious Howe. The ſmall town of Weſtport was entirely built by the father and grandfather of the preſent Lord, who, in imitation of ſo good an example, has laid the foundation of another town called Louiſburg, where he has given refuge to the unfortunate people who have been obliged to quit the north of Ireland.

Lady Altamount liſtens to the complaints of the poor, who alſo come to conſult her about ſickneſs of any kind; and ſhe gives them a ticket to get drugs from the apothecary, with whom ſhe keeps an account. I was told, in my rambles through this country, of a benevolent project with which ſhe is at preſent occupied, and which if executed could not fail of proving highly beneficial. It is that of eſtabliſhing a manufactory where women and children might get work. I was alſo ſhewn an hoſpital founded by her, and ſupported at her expenſe.

Whenever

Whenever I am lucky enough to meet ſo much virtue on my way, I conſider it a duty to hold it out as an example for imitation, without the ſmalleſt intention of flattery.

The country near Weſtport is very well cultivated, and the proſpect of the houſe and park of Lord Altamount was peculiarly pleaſing to me juſt after leaving the wild mountains I had paſſed over. In this neighbourhood is ſituated the famous mountain, to the top of which St. Patrick brought all the devils and venomous animals, in order to throw them into a hole, which is ſtill to be ſeen.

The mountain is called *Croagh Patrick*; it is a place celebrated by the devotion of the faithful, who aſſemble there from all parts of the country on a certain day of the year. They get up either on their bare knees or feet, I do not well know which: I have been aſſured that on the anniverſary of the ſaint there have been ſometimes four or five thouſand perſons: on the top of the mountain is a ſmall chapel

pel in which maſs is ſaid that day: a dark-coloured bell was there, which the peaſants in the vicinity of the mountain hold in great veneration; they ſwear by it, and would be afraid to commit perjury. They believe the devil would carry them off if they ſwore any thing that was not true on this bell.

Croagh Patrick is of a conical ſhape, and appears to have been a volcano, of which St. Patrick's hole was probably the opening. The country round it is covered over with the ruins of abbies and with holy wells: I took particular notice of a large ſtone in which there are two deep holes, highly reverenced by the peaſants for having been made by St. Patrick's knees whilſt he was praying. Catholics and proteſtants made uſe of the ſame room for prayers, until their reſpective churches were built. King James had eſtabliſhed ſome founderies for caſting cannon in the neighbouring vallies, the ruins of them are ſtill remaining: they were built here on account of the vicinity of the ſea and of the woods in the environs.

I intended to make a tour in Erio, a large tract of country almoſt as wild as Connemara, but the ſeaſon was ſo far advanced that I was obliged to lay aſide this project and went to Caſtlebar, a pretty little town; as I made but a ſhort ſtay there, I had only time to admire the ſteeple; it is built in the form of a ſyringe, which is not at all extraordinary as the architect was an apothecary. I had read in hiſtory that a ſteeple had been made of the ſyringe belonging to Gargantua's mare, but I did not know in what country ſuch a treaſure was to be found: whoever has a mind to ſee it let him come to Caſtlebar. I met with a hoſpitable reception from the dean of Killala, who directed me towards the town of this name, which though very ſmall is a biſhopric.

I met with a pleaſant looking kind of fellow in theſe mountains. He told me he was by trade an *inoculator*, and that he went about inoculating the children of the peaſants in this wild country; he aſſured me that out of three hundred and ſixty-one children

children he had inoculated that year, only one died. When it is conſidered that if he has the misfortune of a child dying under his care, not only he is not paid, but he muſt make his eſcape as faſt as poſſible to avoid a cudgelling; it is eaſy to conceive that he will pay every attention to his patients. It has often occurred to me that this would be a very ſalutary cuſtom to introduce into large cities, merely to encourage the faculty, to whom the death or recovery of their patients is a matter of indifference, for they are always paid and never cudgelled.

As I travelled on with this poor fellow, who appeared to be a frank, honeſt ſoul, he told me his entire hiſtory. He was a native of this country, and had been educated for the church by his poor parents, with the expectation of being promoted through the intereſt of a rich man, who died at Dublin; finding himſelf then friendleſs and moneyleſs, he began to think on ſome project which might prove beneficial to himſelf and his countrymen. Inoculation

tion had been introduced into this country a ſhort time before; and the mortality occaſioned among theſe mountaineers by the ſmall-pox induced him to go among them, and introduce this method of preventing the danger uſually attendant on this diſeaſe. After attending the hoſpital ſome time, he came to theſe mountains, where he practiſes his trade ſucceſsfully upwards of thirty years: his gains do not, however, amount to more than thirty or forty pounds a year. It cannot be denied that he is an uſeful member of ſociety, and, I think, government ought to allow him a ſmall penſion, to induce him to continue his labours.

When he had told me his hiſtory, he very naturally wiſhed to become acquainted with mine: *Pray, ſir*, ſaid he, *what do you follow yourſelf? You perceive*, I replied, *that I follow the road. . . . . Ay*, ſaid he, tapping me on the ſhoulder, *you take me ſhort.* He would not perhaps have eaſily believed that this was my ſole buſineſs.

After this ſhort hiſtory how can we believe the accounts which repreſent the common people of Ireland as indolent, and incapable of any improvement, whilſt nations, generally reputed more enlightened, have refuſed to adopt the ſalutary method of inoculation? On the continent, I have ſeen not only peaſants, but perſons in eaſy circumſtances, refuſe to have their children inoculated. In England ſome humane landlords are obliged to coax parents to allow their children to undergo this trifling operation. In Scotland they have not been able to ſucceed, and yet this method has been generally adopted in Ireland, even in the wildeſt part of the country, as for inſtance, in this. Children are not at all prepared, but run about almoſt naked as uſual, after receiving the infection. When they become feveriſh, the inoculator adminiſters ſome innocent remedies, which he tries to repreſent to the parents as of the utmoſt importance, leaſt they ſhould get the cuſtom of doing the buſineſs themſelves, and conſequently deprive him of his livelihood.

Going

Going along the variegated banks of Lough-Conn, a large ſheet of water which ſhould have been drained long ſince, I arrived at Mr. Cuff's of Caſtle-Gore. *He was gone to ſee his uncle,* but I was hoſpitably received by his young wife, and by an elderly gentleman who had been formerly his tutor.

I went to ſee the little town of Killala, near which is one of thoſe round towers I have ſo often ſpoken of; this one is at ſome diſtance from the church, with which it does not appear to have been ever joined; it is alone on a riſing ground, and appears to have been built as a ſignal for veſſels at ſea. It is the only one in Ireland I ſaw in this ſituation. I alſo went to the biſhop's palace; to depreciate the value of any thing in this province, they ſay, *it is as bad as the biſhop of Killala's palace;* unfortunately the preſent biſhop has repaired it, and added a large wing, ſo that the proverb is miſapplied. This biſhopric is reputed the pooreſt in Ireland, for the biſhop has only three thouſand a year.....

Poor man! The deanery is alſo conſidered very poor, for the dean has but five hundred a year.

As I rode through the ſtreets, a man, whom I ſuppoſe to have been the ſchoolmaſter, came up to me with an air of importance, and aſked, "*Pray ſir, what is your name?* "*Pray ſir,*" ſaid I, with an equal degree of gravity, "*what is yours?*" He ſeemed rather ſurprized at the queſtion and did not think proper to anſwer. I have often met people on the road who aſked me firſt, from what country I came; ſecondly, my name; thirdly, my buſineſs; &c. &c.

I returned to Caſtle-Gore, by Ballina, a ſmall tolerably well-built town; there is a ſalmon-fiſhery on the river which flows out of Lough-Conn and forms the bay of Killala. The ſituation alone of this bay ſhews that it muſt be full of ſand. I ſtopped between Ballina and Killala, to ſee the ruins of a large abbey, within two miles of the latter. It appears that there had been a college and ſome other publick eſtabliſh-

ments

ments in this place; the ſteeple is very well preſerved, and in the middle of the church between the choir and the nave, as in moſt other churches of this country; this place is frequented by the inhabitants, who come to make their rounds about the wells. There is alſo a holy fountain, but it is evident that it has not been made by nature; begging pardon of the devotees, it appears to be very unlike a ſpring-well; it is a ſmall cloſet four or five feet broad, behind the buildings, and built over the current of a ſtream which paſſes through them. I ſaw many cloſets of this kind in which people did not kneel down, but no matter, the water is pure.

The banks of the river which flows out of Lough-Conn are very picturesque and adorned with charming houſes. In going to Mr. Niſbet's, at Scuramore, I ſaw a large round fort, ſuch as thoſe I have deſcribed. The ſubterraneous cavern, which is, I believe, in all of them, is ſo large in this as to afford ſhelter to cattle from the meridian heat. Many of them having

broken their legs by falling into it, they have filled up the paſſage with earth and ſtones.

The night had been very tempeſtuous: all the roads were covered with water, probably to enable me to remark that they ought to have built bridges over the ſtreams, inſtead of merely making a paſſage for the water.

I entered into converſation with a gentleman on horſeback, telerably well dreſſed; we were ſometime talking about one thing or other, and when he found that I was ſoon to part with the horſe I rode, he procured me one from a tenant of his, and, without any other recommendation than my paſſport and appearance, he took me to his houſe near Sligo, and introduced me to his family. I profit of this opportunity, with pleaſure, to pay my compliments to Mr. Holmes, and to thank him for the good old Iriſh hoſpitality with which he treated me. On our way he made me remark the waves of the ſea, which

which flow two or three hundred paces under ground, and then form a ſpout of fifteen or twenty feet high. At the village of Ballyfedere I ſaw a very large caſcade, which falls into the ſea, and near it another of theſe holy fountains covered with brambles, where the good people were ſaying their prayers.

Sligo is an ancient town, and conſequently very irregularly and badly built; the port, though rather narrow, is not bad. I ſtopped in this town but as long as was neceſſary for me to fortify myſelf againſt the bad weather which was approaching, though my journey could not be finiſhed in leſs than two months. In ſhort I added a *ſpencer* to my wardrobe. I alſo went to viſit a fair of cattle at the entrance of the town, and found the peaſants there as unpoliſhed as thoſe of Lower Brittany; like them they were very ſlow in concluding their bargain, and ratified it over ſome whiſkey.

I went

I went immediately after to Mr. Wynne's at Haſelwood: it is one of the fineſt places I ſaw in my rambles, and one of thoſe where I have been moſt kindly received.

I ſuffered a deal of trouble and fatigue in my pilgrimage; I have been often teized by narrow-minded ſouls, who ſought for opportunities of tormenting me; ſome called me a *democrate;* others an *ariſtocrate;* a third party looked on me as an atheiſt, a fourth as a bigotted papiſt. In ſhort, ſordid ſelf-intereſt has made me experience every kind of vexation and folly: the eſteem of a few ſenſible perſons, the friendly reception of one worthy family, made me forget all.

I paſſed five or ſix very pleaſant days at Haſelwood. I was invited to the concert at Sligo the evening after my arrival there: it was given at the ſeſſions-hall, and reſembled a complete revolution; the drummer was ſeated on the throne of juſtice, the fidlers occupied the lawyer's places, and the audience were diſperſed in the jury-box, the dock, &c. The

The day following I was ſo fooliſh as to ſail alone in a boat on lake *Gill* or *Gilty*. A ſmart gale ſpringing up on a ſudden, which had like to overturn my little boat. I conſidered myſelf very lucky in being able to take refuge, like Robinſon Cruſoe, on a deſert iſland; theſe little iſlands are all covered with wood, as are alſo the banks of the lake in many places. There are ſome very fine proſpects on this lake, although it does not preſent ſuch a variety of beauties as that of Killarney. It is ſeven or eight miles long: the river which falls into it paſſes through the mountains, on the other ſide of which the Shannon riſes. I have been aſſured that Lake-Gilty could be eaſily joined to the navigable part of the Shannon by a canal of ſeven or eight miles in length. By theſe means the province of Connaught would be converted into an iſland, and an extenſive inland trade would be laid open. I at length ſet out with Colonel Cole, and went acroſs the mountains to his father, Lord Enniſkillen's ſeat, where he quitted me in order to go to Dublin; I was then left alone two days

in

in a very fine houſe. Near this road are two large lakes joined by a ſmall river: their banks are covered with trees, and afford the traveller a pleaſing contraſt with the barren mountains he has left behind. On my way I met a funeral, and obſerved that the women did not howl at it as they do in the ſouth and weſt of Ireland; this induces me to believe that the north and ſouth of this iſland are inhabited by different races of people, and it appears, in fact, that the inhabitants of Ulſter are originally deſcended from the Scotch.

The very day of Colonel Cole's departure, I executed the plan I had long before formed of viſiting the ſource of the much revered Shannon, and went to pay my reſpects to this venerable *patriarch*. I began by viſiting theſe profound caverns called the *marble arch*. The ſtone is in fact a ſpecies of ſpotted marble. Theſe caverns are formed by a ſtream, which ſometimes juſt appears, and at others rolls like a torrent under theſe enormous maſſes of rocks; the entire mountain is hollow in every part of the

the direction of the ſtream. It is plain that it formerly flowed over the precipices, under which it runs at preſent; in ſome parts there are traces of a bed large enough to contain it, over the caverns through which it paſſes.

In going to the marble arch, my guides told me innumerable hiſtories about it; the names of the fairies who lived there, of the goblins, hobgoblins, witches, ghoſts, &c. &c. who haunted it. One of them appeared to turn theſe accounts into ridicule, but the younger ſeemed to look on them in a very ſerious light. When I entered the cave one of the men remained at the mouth of it, under pretence that he had ſeen it, and that the young man could ſhew me all the curioſities. It was lucky he had ſtaid behind, for otherwiſe I might have remained ſome time in this abode of fairies.

After having walked upwards of an hour in the midſt of rocks, precipices and of the innumerable caſcades formed by the ſtream which flows through it; I took the candle

candle from my guide to look down a precipice, where I heard the murmurs of a ſtream; the light was by ſome means or other extinguiſhed. "Now," cried he, with a very doleful accent, "we are undone "for ever! I would not move my foot "from this place for a guinea." After ſhouting as loud as I could until the man outſide heard me, and being ſure that he was gone to fetch a candle; I ſat down quietly and began to amuſe myſelf with my companion's apprehenſions. "Did not "you ſee him?" ſaid I. "Who?" anſwered he. "Why Satan himſelf, it was he put "out our candle, with his cloven foot." "————Ay, ay!" And after bawling for ſome minutes, "Oh, ſir!" ſaid he, "now "that I think on it, it muſt be the fairy, "ſhe does not wiſh to be diſturbed."—— "Well," ſaid I, "if it be the fairy, ſhe "is a d——d b——h to play us ſuch a "trick."——"Oh, ſir, don't ſpeak ſo irre-"verently of worthy people, you are on "the edge of a precipice, and they may "throw you in! For my part, I never "offend them, on the contrary, I reſpect

"them

" them highly, and am ſure they will not " hurt me." I could not help laughing at his folly, and ſhewed him a ray of light at the bottom of the precipice, which ſeemed to give him courage, and we both waited patiently for the other guide, who returned in about an hour and extricated us from our diſagreeable ſituation.

When we got out of the cavern, my guides began to expatiate on the difficulties we ſhould have to encounter in viſiting the ſource of the Shannon; we had ſtill ſix miles to go, and as many to return. In fact, ſix miles through a bog, merely to viſit the ſource of a river, was rather too long a journey. But, thought I, Mr. Bruce has, according to his account, been ſeven or eight years employed in viſiting the ſource of the Nile; and why ſhould not I ſpend five or ſix hours in viſiting the ſource of the Shannon? I then began my journey acroſs the bogs. Like all great perſonages, the ſource of this river is difficult of approach, and like them, does not gratify expectation. Few rivers, however,

riſe in the manner this does; a ſtream four or five feet broad, and two or three deep, flows out of a round baſon, about twenty feet in diameter, and if we are to believe the neighbouring peaſants, bottomleſs. After going a mile to the weſt, it forms *Lough-Clean*, which is three miles long and one broad, and then purſues its courſe to the ſouth, forming an immenſe number of lakes, of which the principal are *Lough-Allen*, *Longh-Boffin*, *Lough-Rea*, and *Lough-Derg*. The two latter are each near thirty miles in length, nine or ten in breadth, and covered with a great number of iſlands.

The country near Lough Allen is full of coal and iron mines; forges have been eſtabliſhed there, which will become very profitable when the whole extent of the river ſhall be rendered navigable.

After ſatisfying my curioſity, and drinking out of the ſource of the Shannon with my hat, I took my leave of the river, with a ſincere wiſh that the river-god may ſee the country he viſits happy. "It is rather

"odd"

" odd," ſaid I, to my guide, " that they " have not made the ſource of the Shannon " a holy fountain?" " Why the ſaints alone " can make holy fountains," ſaid he. But I am ſurpriſed ſome of them did not take it into their heads to make this a holy fountain.

My guide ſeemed to be a jovial fellow, and as he often reproached me with not having taken the precaution of bringing ſomething to eat; " You ſpeak always of " eating," ſaid I, " you muſt ſurely be an " Engliſhman, are you not?" " Do not call " me names," ſaid he. " But," ſaid I, " an " Engliſhman is at leaſt as good as an Iriſh- " man, in my opinion." The manner in which he ſhook his head, and the G—d d-—n he pronounced with a particular emphaſis, convinced me he was by no means of that opinion. It is very odd that though ſo many centuries have elapſed ſince the conqueſt of Ireland, the two nations are by no means united, and probably never will be ſo. In France the people of the different provinces boaſt of being Frenchmen,

without entertaining any other prejudices againſt each other, except thoſe which may be ſuppoſed to proceed from the diſtance betwen them. However, in order to ſatisfy my guide, we entered into a cabin, where the good people afforded us every eatable they had, and abſolutely refuſed to receive any compenſation for it.

I ſoon quitted Florence-Court, and went through a fine country, to Enniſkillen, where I was very kindly received by the reverend Doctor Stock.

CHAP. IV.

ENNISKILLEN. . . . . THE ISLAND OF MURRAY. . . . THE SWEATING-HOUSES. ST. PATRICK's PURGATORY.

ENNISKILLEN is a pretty little town, ſituated on an iſland in the great lake of Earn, at a place where it becomes narrow, and forms a tolerably rapid river. This is the

the longeſt lake in Ireland; if we comprehend the river which joins the upper and lower lakes, and which is not more than a mile in length, it is forty miles long, and in many places ten or twelve broad. At Enniſkillen the river is tolerably wide, but a little lower down not larger than the Liffey at Dublin. This city boaſts of its attachment to King William; it ſuſtained a ſiege againſt his unfortunate father-in-law. On the gate I perceived the following inſcription, which had been lately put there: *The glorious memory of the firſt of July*. . . . I do not like ſuch monuments, they ſerve only to humble and irritate the conquered, that is, not thoſe who are in the wrong, but the weaker party. It would, in my opinion, be more generous and more politic to throw a veil over the paſt. The mention of this recalls to memory an inſcription at Dublin, over Naſſau-ſtreet, *may we never want a William to kick the breech of a jacobite*. I muſt confeſs I look on ſuch inſcriptions with horror: they prove the exiſtence of political rancour and animoſity between perſons who never witneſſed

the ſubject of the quarrel, which ſhould conſequently be buried in oblivion.

Lord Belmore has built a ſuperb palace in the neighbourhood; the mere ſhell of the building coſt eighty thouſand pounds, the colonade of the front is of a ſpecies of architecture, which ſeems to be too magnificent for a private individual, and for a country houſe. The inſide is full of curious marble-pieces, and the walls of many rooms are crowded with ſtucco-work, made at a conſiderable expenſe by workmen from Italy. Convenience has been, in almoſt every part, ſacrificed to beauty; the chambers fitted up for a ſtranger look like cellars, although they are at the top of the houſe; the light enters them through ſmall windows eight feet from the floor, and outſide them there are rails, which prevent them from being ſeen from the outſide. My taſte may be ſingular, but I would prefer a houſe that was convenient to a palace that was not ſo. Temples are fit only for the gods.

All

All this country appears to have been formerly covered by ſmall lakes, which they have contrived to drain; it is interſected by ſmall hills and vallies which have no outlet. Lough-Earn is ſaid to be covered with three hundred and ſixty-five iſlands, as well as Lough-Derg, Lough-Rea, and Lough-Carib. In one of theſe iſlands are the ruins of an ancient abbey and of many churches, which I went to viſit; the tower is not ſo high as many others I ſaw in Connaught; I continued to climb up to the door, which is only ten or twelve feet above the ground. I have already mentioned that many perſons have been at a loſs to conceive how they could get to the top of theſe towers, but the mere inſpection of the outſide would give them an idea of it. There are four or five ſtep-ſtones: it is evident theſe muſt have ſupported rafters, on which a floor was laid; there are many bells on the continent, to the top of which people can get only by a ſimilar contrivance. Beſides all this is a matter of indifference to me, as I would be ſorry to deprive antiquarians of the pleaſure

ſure of dreaming. The ruins of this iſland reſemble thoſe of the eaſt of Ireland, they are ſmaller than thoſe of Munſter and Connaught, and are not built after the ſame model; there is a vaulted chapel here, which reſembles the place at Glandalough called St. Cavan's kitchen.

In the grave-yard is a ſtone coffin, in which the peaſants ſtretch themſelves at full length. I do not know what diſeaſes it cures; but the miracle is that it fits every perſon. I lay down in it, and it juſt ſuited me; it is a kind of ſurtout which the taylor always cuts a-la-mode.

The eſtates of the laſt prince of Ulſter were confiſcated in the time of Queen Elizabeth; and a part of them aſſigned for the maintenance of the publick ſchool of the town. Afterwards the place of ſchoolmaſter at Enniſkillen became a kind of biſhopric; it is now worth near two thouſand a year. It is plain that to give a ſchoolmaſter two thouſand a year is a ſure method of having no ſchool; it has produced this

this effect at Enniſkillen. However, the perſon who occupies this place at preſent, Doctor Stock, (at whoſe houſe I ſpent the two days I remained in this town) is a very well-informed man; he has twelve or fifteen children of his own, five or ſix nephews and nieces whom he educates himſelf, and ſeven or eight boarders at a hundred guineas a year each. I ſaw few houſes where ſo many children were kept in ſuch good order, but I muſt alſo confeſs I never ſaw ſuch a ſchool-maſter.

I at length quitted the hoſpitable dwelling of Doctor Stock, and went along the romantic banks of Lough-Earn, which reſembles a ſea. I ſtopped at Beleek, the firſt cataract in the river which flows out of the lake. It is about three miles from the lake; ſo far there appears to be no current in the river, the water of which is on a level with that of the lake: about this place, in the ſpace of a hundred feet, it falls upwards of ſixty: the firſt water-fall is from twelve to ſixteen feet high.

I do

I do not ſpeak of rendering this river navigable, becauſe there are but four miles from this place to the ſea, and becauſe there is a very rapid current from the cataract to its mouth: but they had begun to dig a canal: they have laid out nearly half of the expenſe; is it not ſhameful to have given it up? Beſides it is plain that by deſtroying the firſt cataract, the lower lake might be almoſt entirely drained.—This would be eaſily done at Beleek, particularly as the river forms a ſheet of water juſt above its fall: a bed might be made for it to flow on one ſide of the caſcade, whilſt the workmen were labouring on the other.

The beauties of this lake and a great many other fine things have been objected to this plan; I could never have imagined that the Iriſh were ſo fond of water, on the contrary, I always ſuppoſed them to have a great antipathy to it. Let them not fear, they will always have enough of it, but, for my part, I prefer the proſpect of meadows and fertile plains to the fineſt ſheet of water in the univerſe.

I received hoſpitality at Ballyſhannon, from Mr. Gamble. This is a little ſea-port town not much frequented, and ſituated on the bay of Donegal. It is built near the laſt caſcade of the river which runs out of Lough-Earn, and which falls perpendicularly into the ſea from a height of fifteen or twenty feet. On one ſide, where the fall is not ſo rapid, it is curious to ſee the efforts of the ſalmon to conquer the force of the current; a prodigious quantity of them are caught at the top, and very few of them get to the lake.

At the entrance of this bay, about fifteen miles from the mouth of the river, is an iſland, called *Innis-Murry*, famous for the ruins of expiatory caverns, and for the *Sun-ſtone* or *Muidhr*, from which it derives its name. General Vallancey pretends that *Muidhr* is the *Mithra* of the Perſians and the *Mahody* of the Gentoos. He has drawn concluſions from this which appear well-founded, to prove the origin to which the Iriſh traditions pretend. He has given a picture of a ſtone dedicated to

Mahody

Mahody or the Supreme Being, which Captain Pike diſcovered in a Gentoo temple on the iſland of Elephanta in the Indies. It bears a ſtrong reſemblance to the picture he has given of that dedicated to *Muidhr*, in the iſland of *Murry*. Both ſtones are of a conical form, and are ſurrounded with a circle to prevent their being profaned, and placed in iſlands for the ſame reaſon.

The firſt chriſtian miſſionaries, with a view of profiting of the prejudices and cuſtoms of the people, in order to make them adopt the true faith more readily, built two chapels within the temple, one dedicated to St. Molaſus, and the other to St. Colum, and thus appropriated to chriſtianity rites and ceremonies they did not ſuppoſe themſelves able to deſtroy.

Herrings formerly frequented this bay and the coaſts to the north of Donegal. The deceaſed Mr. Burton Conyngham, always ready to execute any projects which he ſuppoſed might be beneficial to his country

country, laid out thirty thouſand pounds of his own fortune, and twenty he got from government to eſtabliſh fiſheries on theſe coaſts; he even built a ſmall town on an iſland for the convenience of fiſhermen: but the herrings, juſtly alarmed at theſe preparations, which ſeemed to threaten their ſpecies with deſtruction, got off as faſt as they could and never re-appeared ſince; ſo that the town and houſes remain uninhabited, in a country ſcarcely ever frequented by any ſtrangers. It now appears rather wild, but we muſt not forget that his intention was laudable and that he could not foreſee that the herrings would deſert the coaſt. It is very poſſible they may return; for it has often occurred to me that they go from one coaſt to another, according to the abundance or ſcarcity of food they meet with. When they have entirely conſumed the herb they feed on, it is very natural they ſhould go elſewhere; it would be worth while to look out for this ſea-weed, and to plant it in ſome places as an inducement for them to come there.

I went from thence to Mr. Hamilton's at Brown-Hall, near Ballytra, where I ſpent ſome pleaſant days. In his park is a lake from which a little river runs, which I look upon as one of the chief curioſities of this country. It ſometimes flows gently through ſubterraneous caverns full of petrifications, and in which a perſon might walk at his eaſe: at other times it is as rapid as a torrent. It often appears and ſhortly after ſinks under ground. They have in many places profited of this natural arch to make a road or walks over it. Pigeons have taken refuge in one of theſe caverns, and bats in another. At length the river falls from a height of twenty feet: ſome of theſe caverns have a ſurpriſing echo. It is one of the moſt ſingular natural curioſities I ever ſaw, and it is rendered more remarkable by being in an excellent garden; the river runs through theſe ſubterraneous caverns nearly two miles.

I had heard of an odd cuſtom, peculiar to the inhabitants of this country; and I wiſhed

wiſhed to be certain whether it prevailed amongſt them, it is their making uſe of what they call a *ſweating houſe*, as a remedy for every complaint. Mr. Hamilton was ſo kind as to take me to one in his neighbourhood. The reader muſt, I ſuppoſe, be at a loſs to conceive what they mean by a *ſweating houſe;* figure to yourſelf an oven five or ſix feet high, and about three broad; exactly reſembling a thimble, and into which people get by a round hole on a level with the ground, and a foot and a half in diameter.

This oven is heated with turf, as if for baking; when it is very hot, four or five perſons quite naked contrive to get into it through the hole, which is then ſtopped up with board plaiſtered over with dung. Theſe wretches remain five or ſix hours in this ſtove, without being able to get out; for even though ſome of them get ill, they would not take down the board before the uſual time. They are ſcarcely in when they are covered over with a profuſe perſpiration, and are generally much leaner

when they are going out than when they had come in. Wherever there are five or ſix cabins together, you may be ſure of finding one of theſe ſtoves; and the peaſants make uſe of them, whatever their complaint be. The man who ſhewed me this one, had been in it the day before for an inflamation of his eyes.

In order to have ſome idea of the proceſs they undergo, I got into this *ſweating houſe;* and though there had been no fire under it for twenty-four hours before, and the mouth of this cavern was left open, yet there are few complaints I would not rather endure, than be immured a few hours in it: however if a perſon could breathe freely, I make no doubt but ſo copious a ſweat muſt be often uſeful; it is certain that by this operation many peaſants have been cured of rheumatiſm and other diſeaſes which are the conſequence of a ſuppreſſion of perſpiration. When they get out ſome of them go to bed, and keep themſelves warm for ſome time, others dreſs themſelves and go about their buſineſs,

buſineſs, as if nothing had happened. The poultry ſeem to be very fond of theſe ſtoves and take ſhelter in them when the weather is bad, but they remain at the entrance, and do not expoſe their heads to the vapour.

The *Thuatha d'ha denan*, who, according to hiſtory, were great magicians, and who reſided chiefly in the north of Ireland and in the county Donegal, "Eſtabliſhed," ſays General Vallancey, "an oracle in an "iſland of a ſmall lake called *Lough-Gearg*, "*Deare* or *Derg*. There was a cavern "there called *Uam Treibh-Oin*. . . . *The* "*cavern of the tribe of Oin*, which was af- "terwards called *St. Patrick's purgatory*." This is the chief pilgrimage in the iſland, great crowds of patients go there during ſummer, from every part of the kingdom: it is computed that between twenty and thirty thouſand perſons go there annually. The ferry, by which they go to the iſland, is let at two hundred pounds a year; the crowd is ſometimes ſo great, that about four or five years ago, a boat very heavily

laden foundered on its way to the iſland, and about thirty paſſengers were drowned. The penance was formerly very ſevere, even at preſent they go through it on the belly, back and knees; nevertheleſs, "This "ancient and celebrated cavern was ſtop-"ped in 1497, on Patrick's day, as origi-"nating from fabulous legends, by the "guardian of the minor-friars of Donegal, "in conſequence of an order of Pope "Alexander the ſixth." *(Sir Rd. Ware.)*

"The mountains and even the villages "in the neighbourhood of this lake, have "Iriſh names, which bear ſome relation to "witchcraft or magick; *Rughd-Cruach*, "*Cruach-Brioet*, *Sceir-Gearg* or *Gearog*, "the mountains of *Spells*, of *Witches*, the "laſt is the rock of *Deſtiny*, which has gi-"ven its name to *Lough-gearg* or *Dearg*."*

There

* General Vallancey points out the analogy of theſe words with others in the Arabian and Perſian languages of the ſame ſignification; he gives a liſt of fifty words, uſed in this province and particularly in

There is no way of getting to the lake but through bogs, acroſs mountains where there is no poſſibility of travelling but on foot. The deſcription given of it by Matthew Paris, in a book written in the twelfth century (and which I read at Brown-Hall) would ſeem to have been intended for the myſteries of Eleuſis, or the cave of Trophonius. The wonderful things which the Iriſh captain (to whom he gives the name of *Oin*) mentions he had ſeen, requires no very moderate doſe of faith to be believed. He ſaw the devils and the damned ſtretched on burning wheels or boiling in chaldrons of

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in this part of the country, and connected with this ſubject. He adds, "And one hundred names more, "all ſignyfying the great ſettlement of our *Dadanian* "prophets. But I muſt not omit that in the center "of this country, the cloud-capt mountain of *Alt* "*Oſſian*. Around it is the whole ſcenery of Oſſian "and Fingal, which has been beautifully deſcribed "by Mr. Macpherſon; and to the ſouthward of "Lough-Derg are the mountains, caverns and lake "of *Finn* or *Fingal*, i. e. Of the *Finn*, the *Sorcerer*; "and in the capital of the country ſtood *De Raidh*, "or the oracle of God, now Derry."

of liquid ſulphur, he was alſo roaſted and boiled for ſome time: after many trials of this kind, he arrived in the *Elyſian fields*, where he was kindly received by the biſhops and friars, who ſhewed him the gate of paradiſe, complimented him on his courage, treated him to ſome celeſtial nouriſhment, and then ſent him back to hell, that is to this world, which is known to be a kind of hell.

It is proper to add that Matthew Paris tells us, that before entering the cave the penitents were obliged to faſt, watch, and pray, in order to be prepared for the wonders they were to ſee: there is an old French proverb which ſays that *there is no arguing with a hungry ſtomach*, it may be eaſily conceived that a man, prepared in this manner, would ſee whatever they pleaſed.

I reſume my narrative. I paſſed through the petty town of Donegal; I then directed my courſe towards the weſt and paſſed through the curious opening between the mountains, which appears to have been intended

tended by nature to keep up a communication between different parts of the country; it is perhaps the only paſſage through the mountains on this ſide: near the ſummit may be ſeen *Lough-Eaſc*, there is alſo another lake on the other ſide, which directs its courſe towards Londonderry. I perceived an old ſolitary caſtle in theſe mountains, where, my guide told me, there were formerly troops, to drive *tories* out of the country; theſe, according to his account, were robbers, who concealed themſelves in theſe deſerts, and plundered paſſengers.

I arrived at Raphoe very much fatigued after my journey, and went to the biſhop's houſe, who received me very kindly. The county of Donegal, of which I avoided the circuit, by croſſing the mountains and going ſtraight to Raphoe, is as little frequented by ſtrangers as Connemara; it is however, according to the account of perſons well acquainted with it, much ſuperior to the latter in point of ſoil and cultivation. Ireland is very well peopled in thoſe

thoſe diſtricts that are fertile, but if theſe remote and uncultivated tracts were inhabited, it would maintain double the number of inhabitants it does at preſent. This would certainly be better policy than to let them emigrate in crowds to America, as they have done of late.

After leaving Sligo the number of catholics diminiſhes. The inhabitants of this part of the country are divided nearly equally into three ſects, lutherans, catholics, and preſbyterians. On ſunday I went with the worthy prelate, with whom I reſided, and his church was full; from the biſhop I went to the dean, whence, after remaining one or two days there, I went to Londonderry, and paſſed near the arm of the ſea called *Lough-Swilly*. It is a very large deep bay, and very ſafe in every part; but the country ſurrounding it is rather wild and uncultivated; it was this probably which induced the Engliſh company, which came from London in the reign of Queen

Queen Elizabeth, to ſettle in Derry, inſtead of this place. It is ſince this that *London* has been added to the former name of this city.

CHAP. V.

LONDONDERRY. . . . . THE GIANT's CAUSEWAY. . . . BALLYCASTLE. FAIR HEAD.

THE environs of Londonderry are delightful and and announce the opulence of a large city. The banks of the beautiful river Derg are like a garden, and are covered with country-ſeats. The city itſelf, ſituated on an eminence, preſents at a great diſtance an agreeable proſpect, and is embelliſhed by the ſteeple built in the form of an arrow, by a ſubſcription raiſed by Lord Briſtol the biſhop of Derry.

The extent of the city is not conſiderable, but the ſuburbs are large. The ancient ramparts are not demoliſhed, but form

form at preſent an agreeable walk, which has been lately ſpoiled by a triumphal arch, which looks like a gate-way: on the key of the gate 1689 has been engraved in large letters; it is the year in which King James beſieged this city. They ought to build a ſtair-caſe, to open a communication between both extremities of this walk. As theſe ramparts are at preſent quite uſeleſs, I think they ought to make uſe of the materials to increaſe the ſurface of the hill on which the city is built; this would contribute to render the place more healthy by affording a ſupply of freſh air: but the inhabitants conſider them as a glorious monument which reminds them of the ſiege this city held againſt King James, though at preſent it could not ſtand a regular attack.

I went to viſit King James's camp, and the different French out-poſts, which appeared to me to have been judiciouſly choſen; but what aſtoniſhed me, was, that an Engliſh frigate could make her way to the city, in ſpite of the chain acroſs the river, and

and the batteries on the banks. It is well known that the town was going to be ſurrendered, and that the Engliſh fleet had ſailed into Lough-Swilly, where it delayed ſix weeks, without being able to give the inhabitants of Londonderry any aſſiſtance: but having heard to what extremity the inhabitants were reduced, it was reſolved to ſend a frigate with two or three tranſports, to attempt to force their way with proviſions for the inhabitants.

The ſafety of the place depended on the ſucceſs of the enterprize: the anxiety of both parties may conſequently be eaſily conceived. The frigate, driven on by wind and tide, ſtruck with great force againſt the chain: the veſſel was at firſt driven back by the violence of the ſhock, and ran aground on the mud, but luckily the captain, taking advantage of the next tide, diſengaged her by firing all the guns on the ſide which had ſtuck in the mud, and ſteered her towards the chain, which had been broke by the firſt ſhock: when the frigate had paſſed, the captain and his crew gave

two cheers, as a ſign of rejoicing, and juſt as he was commencing the third, his head was ſhot off by a cannon-ball.

Londonderry has no appearance of being an Iriſh city; a degree of induſtry and activity reigns there unknown in other parts of the kingdom. Linens are its chief branch of trade; there is a ſale of them at market once or twice a week; it is ſurpriſing with what facility the merchants examine them; they ſtand on a kind of ſcaffold with a pulpit before them; the peaſants bring their linen on their heads, and ſtop before them a ſingle moment; the merchant throws a glance on the linen, tells his price, and if it be agreed to marks it on the linen, and the countryman goes to be paid at the counter. There are ſome merchants who buy three or four hundred pounds worth of linen on a market day. It is very odd that though all the flax, employed in making linen, grows in the country, they have no flax-ſeed, but are obliged to get it from America.

The

The firſt linen-manufactures were eſtabliſhed in Ireland by the proteſtants, obliged to leave France in the reign of Lewis the fourteenth, and who carried their property and talents into other countries.

According to the reſearches I have made, the exportation of linen is of immenſe advantage to Ireland, as alſo that of ſalt-meat and corn; it appears that in theſe ten years (in ſpite of the number of abſentees, to whom conſiderable ſums are ſent) Ireland has received two hundred thouſand pounds ſterling more than it ſent out;* it is evident, that if ſuch a ſituation be durable, this kingdom will ſoon attain a degree of proſperity, which will render it very important in the ſcale of Europe.

Whilſt I was at Londonderry, a Poliſh dwarf exhibited himſelf as a ſhew. He was

* See the journals of the houſe of commons on importation and exportation, the reports of the revenue, and Arthur Young's calculations at the end of his tour through Ireland.

called Count Boraloſky; he may be about two feet and a half high; he ſpeaks four or five languages and is very well educated: he is about fifty or ſixty years old: he has travelled through moſt cities in Great-Britain, and there are few where he is not well known. It is told of him, that one day quarrelling with his wife, a woman of ordinary ſtature, ſhe took him up and put him on the chimney-piece. In this city there is alſo a man of letters, who lives ſo chaſtely that St. Martin was a fool to him: I have ſeen him throw his glaſs in the fire, becauſe it had been filled without his perceiving it, to make him drink the ladies' *healths*. "*I wonder*," ſaid a certain doctor in town, "*he was not tempted to know what* "*it is, at leaſt once*."

The biſhopric of Derry is held to be the richeſt in Ireland; it is ſaid to be worth twelve thouſand a year. What a charming thing it is to be a biſhop of the Engliſh church: they are the ſpoiled children of the Lord! They are as rich as Crœſus, have good wines, good cheer, handſome wives, &c.—And

&c.—And all in exchange for their benediction. May the lord preſerve them: if I could one day wear their black ſattin *philibeg*,* it would be better than to be an emigrant. Lord Briſtol has, beſides his biſhopric, a fortune of fifteen or twenty thouſand a year. He is a man of talents and information, but ſingular in his manners. He is almoſt always travelling in foreign countries, and ſpends nearly his entire revenue in building ſuperb houſes, which is advantageous to the country by the money laid out.

It is worthy of remark, that in Ireland they are very unceremonious in publick places, though very polite in private houſes. In the inn where I lodged there was a great ball which I went to ſee. When ſupper was announced, I found ſome

* The biſhops of the eſtabliſhed church wear, as a mark of their dignity, a little petticoat, which does not go beyond the knee, like the Scotch Highlanders, with this difference, that I believe they wear a breeches under them.

amuſement in ſeeing the company run to the table, and ſeat themſelves without waiting for any perſon. It once happened that Lady . . . who was that night queen of the ball, not making ſufficient haſte, could not get room at the table. The ſame thing happened me this turn, for, whilſt I was looking on, all the places were taken, and it was not without ſome difficulty that I was able to fit down on the extremity of a ſtool. This cuſtom is not peculiar to Londonderry, all over Ireland the moment ſupper is announced is very amuſing to a looker-on. A perſon muſt not be too fond of being a ſpectator, particularly if he be at all hungry. It was at Londonderry I firſt perceived the party-ſpirit which then prevailed in this province. Both parties, however, viſited each other. I at length quitted this handſome city, and paſſing through Newtown-Limavady, went to Mr. Maccauſland's at Fruit-Hill, whence I departed a day or two after, and went with him to the reverend Mr. Samſon's, for whom I had a letter. This clergyman is looked on as a violent antiminiſterialiſt, and yet

yet was very well liked by perſons whoſe political opinions differed from his. For my part I found him a very amiable and well-informed man. It is very odd that I can agree very well with perſons whoſe opinions are diametrically oppoſite to mine, and yet it has often happened to me to quarrel with perſons between whoſe ſentiments and mine the difference was very trifling.

The coaſt already begins to reſemble the Giant's Cauſeway. The perpendicular rocks, under which I paſſed, are all baſaltic and covered with a ſtratum of limeſtone remarkably white.

The biſhop of Derry has built a ſuperb palace in a place heretofore little frequented, or rather quite a deſert. It is pleaſing to ſee the number of cottages he has built here at his expenſe. They are all very much attached to their biſhop, although they never ſaw him. The houſe of *Down-Hill* is full of excellent pictures brought from Italy by the biſhop. He built a temple

ple of an excellent ſtructure on the brink of a precipice, as if to brave the waves of the ocean and the winds; the foaming ſea daſhes againſt the rocks which forms its baſis, and which are more than fifty feet high; he has, very properly, dedicated this temple to Eolus. The coaſt of Scotland is eaſily diſtinguiſhed from this place, and I was glad to ſee it, as I intended to ſpend the winter in that country; although my journey had been very pleaſant, a perſon becomes tired at laſt, and I was now in the ſixth month of my pilgrimage.

From thence I went to the houſe of the reverend Mr. Burrow, who is archdeacon of the dioceſe: it was here in particular that party diſtinctions raged with unuſual violence. One of the ſervants of the family who returned from Coleraine, told us that the houſe of a Captain O'Hara had been burned, and his family murdered. I immediately concluded that this was invented by the ſervant, to ſee what effect the ſtory would have on his maſter. The day following I went to Coleraine, and nothing of

of the kind had happened, except a few dry blows at the fair.

In this town I met with a warm reception from Mr. Richardſon, with whom I ſpent three or four days. The countrywomen at Coleraine reſemble on ſundays thoſe of Scotland near Montroſe; they dreſs neat, and have a red cloak over their ſhoulders: a perſon who ſaw them would not ſuppoſe he was in Ireland.

One day I rode along the banks of the river Bane, which flows out of Lough-Neagh; in order to ſee the real ſtate of the country, I made Mr. Richardſon's ſervant ſtop with the horſes, and entered into a cabin to chat with the family, as I do in my rambles; I praiſed the ſtate of the country, and added, that it was very unjuſt to ſay that the country-people were not attached to the conſtitution, &c. Theſe good people were very reſerved whilſt I remained in the cabin, but when I went away a young man followed me, and began to enter into converſation; I perceived his head was full

full of the ſame ideas they had in France in the commencement of the revolution; I was ſurpriſed to hear him ſpeak of fraternity, equality, taxes, &c.—At length I aſked him of what taxes he complained. He mentioned thoſe on wines and beer, and when I aſked him whether he ever drank either of thoſe liquors, he ſaid not, but that the taxes were very oppreſſive, and a thouſand other idle ſtories. He alſo ſpoke of a reform in parliament, and complained of the bribery practiſed in elections, &c. He harangued warmly in favour of toleration, juſt like our petit-maîtres at the commencement of the revolution: in ſhort I returned from my excurſion not at all ſatisfied with *United Iriſhmen*.

It is very poſſible there may be ſome cauſe of complaint, for what government is faultleſs? But it is evident that theſe ideas have been inſtilled into the minds of the peaſantry by people of another ſtamp. Of what conſequence is it to the countryman that parliament ſhould be reformed, that there ſhould be taxes on wine or other commodities,

commodities, provided he enjoys the fruit of his labour in peace, it is of little conſequence to him what the form of government, under which he lives, is? The ſure method of rendering him diſcontented is to perſuade him that his wretchedneſs proceeds from cauſes with which it is totally unconnected. This has been the method purſued in France, and will on ſimilar occaſions be adopted in other countries.

The eve of my departure, Mr. Richardſon aſked me how I liked the horſe I had rode the ſunday before; when I had anſwered him, "The ſeaſon" ſaid he, "is "far advanced, the weather is bad, this "horſe will be a good companion for you "in your travels." I poſitively refuſed, but he ordered his ſervant to leave him at the houſe, where I was going. It is often ſociable to have a horſe to talk with. This is the ſecond time I experienced this act of kindneſs in my rambles: the firſt was made me by Mr. P. Latouche; as it was the middle of ſummer, and as I did not wiſh to be troubleſome,

troubleſome, I would by no means accept of it; but here the caſe was different.

I paid my reſpects to the celebrated Giant's Cauſeway: I ſtopped awhile to ſee an old building belonging to the Marquis of Antrim, and into which goats alone can venture; the only paſſage for a human being is an arch of a foot wide, with a deep precipice on each ſide. Along the ſide of the road I obſerved many quarries, in which pillars of baſaltes, with five or ſix faces, are to be ſeen as at the Giant's Cauſeway. The ſides are very high, and almoſt every where, under the baſaltes is a thick ſtratum of lime-ſtone, as white as ſnow and mixed with flints; it would ſeem that the lime-ſtone had been burned, and in courſe of time recovered its uſual properties though it had loſt its colour.

After making a great round I arrived at the Giant's Cauſeway: thoſe who come here, with an expectation of ſeeing ſomething wonderful, are generally diſappointed; there is nothing more remarkable in the

the Cauſeway than in the other quarries of the country, in which the baſaltes is arranged in ſimilar ſtrata. The moſt remarkable circumſtance is that the rocks, which are about four or five feet perpendicular, ſeem to ſtart out of the ſea; it is eaſy to diſtinguiſh the different ſtrata of which they are compoſed; there are ſome of a ſoft ſandy ſtone. In other places the baſaltes lies in a confuſed heap: in ſome it is arranged in regular columns, and reſembles an organ. The way called the Giant's Cauſeway, is of the ſame materials, ſeparated from the mountain. When the tide is out, the baſaltes can be traced to a great diſtance in the ſea: the waves daſh againſt theſe rocks with great fury. Theſe columns are ſtraight; their upper extremities are quite level, and form a platform forty feet broad. There is no ſpace between them, though their figure is very irregular: ſome of theſe columns have ſix, ſeven, or eight ſides; but they are in general pentagonal. The Giant's Cauſeway advances, by a gentle deſcent, about two hundred paces into the ſea, until at length

it totally diſappears: the moſt remarkable circumſtance in theſe pillars is that they do not conſtitute an entire piece, but are formed by ſeparate ſtones, of which the ſuperior ſurface is convex, and ſuits the inferior ſurface of the next ſtone which is concave.

The iſland of Staffa, ten or twelve miles diſtant from the land, on the coaſt of Scotland, is formed of ſimilar ſtones and is equally curious.

Many perſons have made inquiries and fabricated ſyſtems to explain the formation of the Giant's Cauſeway: ſome pretend that it is the effect of a volcano; others, that the baſaltes was at firſt in a ſtate of fuſion, and in proportion as it was more or leſs filled with mineral ſubſtances it formed columns more and leſs perfect.

I have ſeen ſtones of the ſame kind in many places. The city of Edinburgh is built on a rock of the ſame ſpecies; the hill near it, called Arthur's ſeat, is entirely formed of the ſame materials; at its ſouth

ſouth ſide the baſaltes forms pentagonal and hexagonal columns. Near this city there is a phenomenon perhaps ſtill more remarkable; it is a line of baſaltes ſix or ſeven feet wide, of which the end has never been diſcovered: it paſſes through different kinds of earth and coal: it has been remarked that the coal near it has loſt its combuſtibility, an obſervation has given riſe to a ſuppoſition, which though rather hypothetical, does not appear quite unfounded. It is that baſaltes is the effect of a convulſion of the globe, in which it is thrown on the ſurface of the earth, in a ſtate of fuſion. The columns formed in many places depend on the quantity of mineral found there. Many inſtances of the effuſion of baſaltes are mentioned by the favourers of hypotheſis; in the iſland of Arran, at the mouth of the Clyde, the chief mountain is of granite-ſtone, in the middle of which may be traced a line of baſaltes ten or twelve feet broad, which goes to the top of the mountain. Theſe ſyſtem-mongers pretend that the baſaltes could not get into the mountain in the iſland of Arran, or into

Arthur's-ſeat, except a crevice were formed, which was afterwards filled by this mineral in a ſtate of fuſion.

I recollect that when Panurge aſks Gargantua, "Which would you rather be "carried to Paris on a country-man's "back, like a dead goat, or carry him "there?" The other very properly anſwers; "*I would rather drink.*" As the ſame may be ſaid on this occaſion, I ſhall bid adieu to philoſophiſing. In going with Mr. Moore to the Cauſeway, I perceived a great crowd of peaſants in the fields; on inquiring the cauſe, I was told they were digging the potatoes of a perſon to whom they were attached. I had heard many diſcuſſions relative to theſe aſſemblies, and as it is diſagreeable, particularly for a ſtranger, to get into a crowd, I heſitated to conſider whether I ſhould go that way; at length, recollecting that I had no potatoes to dig, and that theſe peaſants appeared to conduct themſelves very properly, I went on through the middle of the crowd, without being taken the leaſt notice of by any of them. I have

I have been told it was an ancient cuſtom among the peaſants to aſſemble about the end of autumn, and dig the potatoes of thoſe perſons they wiſhed well, juſt as in France they planted a may at their door. What gave government uneaſineſs was that they chiefly dug the potatoes of perſons who had been ſhortly before impriſoned on charges of high-treaſon, although, to my knowledge, they paid the ſame compliment to ſome who were warmly attached to government. For inſtance Mr. Moore, at whoſe houſe I ſpent that day, could not hinder them, and in order not to offend them, was obliged to let them go on.

Theſe aſſemblies were conducted with great regularity: a man, who wore no mark of diſtinction, made them obey him by ſigns and certain inflexions of the voice: whilſt the work was going on the women and children were ſinging, accompanied by ſome muſical inſtrument. No perſon could drink any ſpirituous liquors: this was certainly an uncommon effort in this country, and I believe the orders were ri-

gorouſly adhered to: I never met a man drunk near the potatoe-gardens; not but there were ſome tipſy in the neighbouring villages, and indeed it would be miraculous if there were not. The peaſants wore their beſt clothes on theſe occaſions; the gaiety and good humour which prevailed among them, would induce a perſon to believe it a feaſt, if it were not well known that their leaders were ſeditious: the road was covered with horſes belonging to the farmers who gathered the potatoes.

If a ſcene of this kind happened in France, or even in England, I hardly believe matters would have been conducted ſo peaceably. I alſo believe that theſe aſſemblies would at length become dangerous on account of the diſaffected ſtate of the country. Government acted wiſely in prohibiting them; and a further proof of the good conduct of the people is that I heard of no more meetings of this kind.

It is really odd to ſee how ſubmiſſive the Iriſh are in ſpite of their mutinous diſpoſition:

ſition: I have already ſaid, and I repeat with pleaſure, that in the hands of ſkilful perſons animated by true patriotiſm, they are more eaſily kept in the right path than any people I know. Even theſe frequent diſturbances prove only their ſenſibility: if the plan of making them downright Engliſhmen was abandoned; and that an attempt was made to govern them according to their peculiar cuſtoms and prejudices, they would be any thing.

In going along the coaſt to the ſummit of the mountain, which conſiſts of the ſame materials as the Giant's Cauſeway, I arrived at an angle over the precipice, from whence may be ſeen the different appearances of baſaltes, at ſome places in the form of pillars, and at others in a confuſed, irregular maſs. The weather was delightful: the ſea was daſhing againſt the bottom of theſe rocks, which are about four or five hundred feet above the level of the ocean: Scotland and its weſtern iſlands juſt appeared on the horizon, at the extremity of the ſurface of the azure

ſea.

ſea. Even my horſe ſeemed enraptured by the beauty of the proſpect, he bent his head over the precipice, and then looked around him with admiration! This is by no means aſtoniſhing; who has not read in romances and travels, the frigid declamations of ſome animals more ſtupid than my Roſinante, on ſome ſtriking proſpect or on the pale light of the moon? Whenever I meet with deſcriptions of this kind, I ſkip over twenty or thirty pages of the book, in order to get at day-light, if the author was invoking the moon, or to ſhelter myſelf in the darkneſs of the night, if his homage was offered up to the ſun.

I ſtopped at a little village, where I ſaw a crowd aſſembled, and where I aſſiſted at the baptiſm of an infant; in Scotland, on an occaſion of this kind, they make the poor little wretch ſwallow a ſpoonful of whiſkey to hinder it from crying: in this country, for the ſame reaſon, they melt butter in an egg-ſhell, mix it with bread and ſugar, and the nurſe puſhes ſome of this compoſition down the poor infant's throat.

throat. I do not know whether they uſe this remedy in other countries, but it ſtrikes me they might as well give the child ſome hemp covered over with roſin.

After a tolerably long ride, I arrived at Ballycaſtle, where I met with a warm reception from Mr. Ezekiel Boyd: the very day of my arrival the company garriſoned here quitted it, and were replaced by a Scotch regiment: they were very well received by the inhabitants, and during the night were robbed of all their ammunition and half their arms . . . . . ſoldiers robbed of their arms and ammunition! I would rather hear they had been robbed of their breeches! . . . . . All they did on this occaſion was to get the inhabitants ſummoned before Mr. Boyd the juſtice of peace. They all ſwore before him that they knew nothing about the arms and ammunition that had been ſtolen. My good Iriſh friends! take care with whom you play ſuch tricks, if you had ſome old ſoldiers to deal with you would not come off ſo well!

I took

I took a walk one day to *Fair-Head;* it is a large cape, which juts into the ſea towards Scotland, and is the moſt northern extremity of Ireland: the rocks begin to riſe gradually from Ballycaſtle, and the moſt elevated point is the moſt northern and neareſt the ſea.

The curious arrangement of theſe ſtrata merits attention, particularly in the coal-mine on the banks of the ſea, where they are working. The different ſtrata, as they appear on the ſea-coaſt, are in the follow-ng order; perhaps I am not exact, as I judged merely from ſeeing them. It is probable that this combination deſcends to ſome depth in the bowels of the earth:

Baſaltes	18 *feet.*
Coal mixed with earth .	3 *feet.*
Soft red ſtone	10 *feet.*
Very ſulphurous coal . .	3 *feet.*
Greyiſh ſtone	10 *feet.*
Soft red ſtone	8 *feet.*
Coal mixed with earth .	1 *foot.*
Soft red ſtone	8 *feet.*
Real coal	7 *feet.*
Soft red ſtone	——

I had the curioſity of going into the coal-mine, even to the extremity of it; it is one of theſe whims which (like matrimony) may be indulged for once, but I ſhall never again venture into one; it extends half a mile under ground in a horizontal direction. There is another mine above, and of late the workmen of both are ſo near as to be able to hear each other; they muſt ſoon meet. The proprietor ought to dig a perpendicular well, for, when the wind is weſterly, the vapour is driven into the mine, and is conſequently very diſtreſſing to the workmen; a well would ſerve as an iſſue for it. The coal dug in this mine is the beſt I have ſeen in Ireland; it perfectly reſembles the Scotch coal, though it does not burn ſo faſt: the mine ſeems to be inexhauſtible. The Iriſh parliament felt the immenſe advantages which would reſult from working this mine; they have laid out conſiderable ſums of money to endeavour to make a port at Ballycaſtle, but the tide brings in ſo much ſand that the dock is full of it, and is quite dry even at high water.

I traced

I traced the coal-mine to the point of *Fair-Head*, and climbing up *Goat's-Path*, I got with no ſmall difficulty to the top, where the beauty of the ſcenery amply compenſated for my trouble: the *Cauſe-way* is juſtly extolled, the regularity of the pillars is really remarkable, but at this place the pillars of baſaltes are nearly ſix hundred feet high, and ſome of them are three or four feet diſtant from the mountain, from the bottom to the top, and ſupported only by ſome ſtones about the middle. At ſome diſtance from the brink of the precipice there are crevices, by throwing a ſtone into which, it is plainly ſeen that they do not extend to the bottom of the mountain.

At various intervals of diſtance there are hollows, which appear to have been the bed of a river or torrent; there is a regular deſcent from the ſea to two little lakes in this peninſula: this may induce us to ſuppoſe that this cape formerly extended much farther than at preſent, and that there muſt have been an extenſive country and very

very conſiderable mountains in order to fill theſe canals. This obſervation ſeems to be confirmed by the frequent fall of theſe pillars, and even of the ſtones between the chief rock and the crevices: ſome young men aſſured me at Ballycaſtle, that they have rode after a hare twelve or fifteen feet beyond the place which is now the edge of the precipice. This coincides with my *famous* ſyſtem about Connemara; it is ſuch a pleaſing occupation to dream, that I am often tempted to reſume it, and, if I may now venture to conclude my hypotheſis, I would add, that in proceſs of time *Fair-Head* will totally diſappear, and the ocean will widen the paſſage into the Iriſh channel.

The tide in this place is very rapid; it may be ſeen from *Fair-Head* flowing like a torrent from the ocean into the Iriſh ſea, or from the latter into the ocean. Although Scotland is ſo near the current never runs towards that country; according to my idea of Connemara there muſt have been always a ſtrait in this part, and

beyond it an immenſe gulph extending as far as Greenland.

After having written and even printed all theſe fine reflections and reveries, in ſpeaking of Connemara; I was ſorry to find in General Vallancey's *vindication of the ancient hiſtory of Ireland*, that other perſons had amuſed themſelves in the ſame manner, and had drawn concluſions ſimilar to mine, amongſt others Meſſieurs Whitehurſt and Hamilton. Their reflections, however, referred to the Giant's Cauſeway only, but they both coincide in the opinion that an immenſe tract of country was ſwallowed up by a volcano, from whence has proceeded the baſaltes, of which the pillars on this coaſt conſiſt.

"Let us add to this," ſays General Vallancey, "the tradition of the ancient Iriſh, "which mentions that the greater part of "this iſland has been ſwallowed up in the "ocean. The peaſants think they per-"ceive many parts of the country riſe out "of the ſea to the north weſt of Ireland.

"The

" The inhabitants of this coaſt call them " *Tir Huddy*, or the country of *Hudd:* " they ſay that in this country there is a " city, which formerly contained great " wealth, the key of which is buried un- " der an altar of the Druids." The General, in conformity with his ſyſtem of Ireland having been peopled by the inhabitants of the eaſt, adds, " This city is evi- " dently the Arabian city ſaid to have " been loſt, mentioned in the preface of " the Alcoran, and viſited by their falſe " prophet *Hud.*" And what is ſtill more mortifying for a ſyſtem-monger, in the compariſon made by the General between the Iriſh, Japaneſe and Peruvians, I find that one *Varenius* had ſaid the ſame thing. *Veroſimilius eſt ſeptentrionalis Americæ partem olim adhæſiſſe Hiberniæ.* " It is " probable that Ireland was formerly join- " ed to part of North America." One Bertius alſo pretends that the deluge of Deucalion and Pyrrha did not take place in Theſſaly, but on the coaſt of Scotland or Caledonia; becauſe *dur*, in Iriſh, means

water, and Deucalion is a corruption of *dur Caledonia, the deluge of Caledonia.*

It is ſo vexatious to be anticipated in this manner, that I am reſolved to make no more ſyſtems, or at leaſt not to read the works of thoſe who have made any. Nevertheleſs this coincidence of opinon *is an argument in favour of my hypotheſis.*

CHAP. VI.

LOUGH-NEAGH. . . . . BELFAST. DONAGHADEE.

FROM Fair-Head to Caſhendon, towards the eaſtward, there are ten or twelve miles. The ſtrait near this place between Ireland and Scotland reſembles a large river, and is in reality but eleven Iriſh or fourteen Engliſh miles broad: people often go from one country to the other in open boats when the weather is calm.

It

It appears to me that they ought to have a packet-boat from Campbelltown, in the Mull of Cantyre, to Caſhendon; which would either ſail regularly, or at leaſt when the wind or weather would prevent them from ſailing to Holy-Head or Port-Patrick.

The different religious ſects ſeem to be diſtributed in different diſtricts in the province of Ulſter: the inhabitants of Caſhendon and the neighbouring country are all catholics: they do not ſpeak the Engliſh language like the other inhabitants of this province, who in many places do not underſtand Iriſh. From thence to Glenarm you go along a path-way between the rocks and the ſea: the coaſt every where preſents the ſame appearance; the ſummit of the rock is every where covered with baſaltes, but the pillars of the Cauſeway can no longer be diſcovered: the limeſtone under the pillars is not ſo white, and has rather a grey colour near Glenarm: this town contains nothing remarkable except the ſeat of the Marquis of Antrim.

On quitting the ſea-coaſt, I was obliged to croſs the mountains in order to get into the interior of the country, and I ſtopped at Bruſhin where the inhabitants are almoſt all preſbyterians. They do not appear to be the ſame people as thoſe who inhabit the reſt of Ireland, their manner of ſpeaking and even their dreſs bear a greater reſemblance to thoſe of the Scotch than of the Iriſh, at leaſt in Munſter or Connaught. Puſhing on ſmartly I got to the banks of *Lough-Neagh* or rather to the ſea of *Neagh*, where I met with a very kind and polite reception from Lord O'Neil, to whom I conſider myſelf very much obliged.

Lough-Neagh is a very large ſheet of water, about thirty or forty miles long, and fifteen or twenty broad. This lake does not appear to have been always here; it is not deep, and in many parts of it the roots of trees may be found in the ground. Its greateſt depth at one place is ſeventy feet: in other parts of it the depth no where exceeds forty-two feet, and generally not

not more than from ſix to a dozen: the water of this lake has, in ſome parts of it, a mineral quality, and I have been told that ſome perſons have found benefit from drinking it: both here and in the adjacent country a great many pieces of petrified wood have been found.

One day I went to the place where the river Banne flows out of the lake, to ſee what ſpecies of impediment has given riſe to this ſheet of water. The bed of the river appears to be the principal cauſe of it; it is too narrow for ſuch a maſs of water, and beſides the river makes a circuit of two miles before it falls into another lake, (though the diſtance between both lakes is but half a mile;) the other is called *Lough-Beg*, and is five or ſix miles long, and three or four broad. In flowing out of Lough-Beg the river forms a conſiderable caſcade. In caſe they wiſhed to drain *Lough-Neagh*, and render the river Banne navigable to the ſea, the firſt thing neceſſary would be to dig a deep canal in a ſtraight line between Lough-Neagh and Lough-

Lough-Beg taking good care to begin above the ſand bank, which the wind and tide have accumulated at the place where the river flows out of the lake. This alone would diminiſh the volume of water five or ſix feet, and when the ground that had been dried, acquired a proper degree of conſiſtence, if it was found to be good and that the vapour aſcending from it was not unwholeſome, they might then turn their attention to the caſcade of Lough-Beg, and to making canals of communication between the other parts of the river, where there are rocks: the ſea is about thirty miles diſtant, and yet in this extent the deſcent is but ſeventy feet: on this account the river ſcarcely ſeems to flow, except in theſe places where there are caſcades through which it would not be difficult to make a paſſage for boats: this might be effected by a flood-gate at each caſcade: by theſe means there would be a communication by water between the chief cities of the north of Ireland, for there is a canal near Belfaſt, and another near Newry.

The

The biſhop of Derry has built a magnificent palace on the other ſide of Lough-Beg: the architecture is very curious for a country-houſe; it appears to have been built after the model of the pantheon at Rome; *Ballycullen* is quite circular, there is no light on the ſtair-caſe but what comes through the roof. The appearance of this building would induce a perſon to ſuppoſe it was intended for ſome publick edifice, inſtead of a villa. The apartments are richly furniſhed, and adorned with many precious pieces of painting and ſculpture. I have been aſſured in this country, that this houſe coſt Lord Derry eighty thouſand pounds ſterling; it is an odd whim of his to build ſuperb palaces in England and Ireland, and to live in dirty inns on the continent.

A party-ſpirit prevailed in this part of the country, which might have been productive of diſagreeable conſequences, if government had not exerted its uſual vigilance. I am far from believing, however, that the danger was ſo great as ſome people

ple repreſented: it is true that ſome aſſaſſinations had been committed, of which the authors were not diſcovered: but it would be very unjuſt to lay the blame on the people in general: theſe crimes were committed by a few individuals, whoſe enthuſiaſm prevented them from reflecting on the conſequences: the criminals appear even to have been generally impelled by their apprehenſions of being denounced by the perſons they murdered. I ſaw ſome perſons, ſuſpected of being accomplices in theſe aſſaſſinations, arreſted and guarded through the town, whilſt the peaſants ſeemed to look on with the greateſt degree of indifference.

Some exceſſes, it is true, were committed in this place, but they were rather ludicrous than criminal. The curate of the pariſh had been formerly a catholic, and employed as a chaplain in France and Ireland. Finding himſelf neglected by his patrons, he renounced what he called *The abominations of the whore of Babylon*, and immediately obtained the uſual ſtipend of forty

forty pounds a year, and the firſt vacant curacy.

The peaſants, who judge very rationally of the motive of actions, did not moleſt him, and were content with not frequenting church, but having ſhewn himſelf very zealous in the cauſe of tithes, I mean of government, they began to teize him, and ſcarce a day paſſed but they played him ſome trick. They cut off the tail, horns, and ears of his cow and nailed them to his door: as the poor animal could no longer appear in publick with any degree of *decency*, he was under the neceſſity of purchaſing another, which was treated in the ſame manner, as was alſo a third; at length he reſolved to keep it ſuch as it was, and whenever it was ſeen in the fields it was hunted down by the dogs. The poor curate was plagued by this treatment and complained: then his windows were broken and his chimney ſtopped up; the conſequence was, that few men were more warmly attached to government.

The

The town of Antrim, the capital of this county, is a poor place, without any appearance of commerce or induſtry. At ſome diſtance from it may be ſeen a round tower, ſaid to have been formerly in the center of the town, but now more than a mile from it, in the middle of a yard belonging to a country-houſe. Between this town and Belfaſt there are mountains to be paſſed; indeed almoſt the entire coaſt of Ireland is ſurrounded by mountains.

I heard ſuch terrifying accounts of diſturbances, aſſaſſinations and conſpiracies, ſaid to be hatching at Belfaſt, that I heſitated whether I ſhould venture there. I was agreeably ſurpriſed at finding this city very quiet. This is generally the caſe: if there was a meeting of ſix or ſeven hundred perſons in a room, and that they were noiſy, it would be immediately given out that there had been a very tumultuous meeting, and yet perhaps the whole might proceed from four or five haranguers. Something like this ſeemed to have happened at Belfaſt; the inhabitants ſeemed very peaceable,

able, and leſs occupied with politics than elſewhere. Belfaſt appears like a Scotch city; and its inhabitants reſemble thoſe of Glaſgow in their diſpoſition. If you ſpeak to them about the Emperor or General Clairfait, they will tell you that the ſugar is too dear or linen too cheap, and if there be not an end to the war ſpeedily, they will not be able to diſpoſe of their muſlin nor to purchaſe wine. I am far from thinking them in the wrong to wiſh for peace, but they ſhould take care not to excite a civil war at home in order to have peace abroad. Nobody can marry nor make peace alone, both parties muſt agree.

I went one day to Carrickfergus to ſee the caſtle which Thurot ſurpriſed in the laſt war: it is ſituated on a rock at the mouth of the bay of that name: about two thouſand Frenchmen landed out of three veſſels, and after an hour or two took this caſtle by aſſault. If the commander had profited of the conſternation, this bold attempt ſpread among the inhabitants, he might have levied contributions

on Belfaſt. But an officer of artillery, his ſuperior in rank, was with him, who did not chooſe to run any riſk until he had fortified the place; this gave time to the troops to arrive, and the French were conſequently obliged to reimbark.

Shortly after putting to ſea Thurot fell in with ſome Engliſh veſſels with whom he fought. The French frigates were taken, and he was killed in the engagement.

The county-priſon is at Carrickfergus, and it was then full of ſtate-priſoners, who had been confined on account of different murders committed in the neighbourhood of Belfaſt. It gave me pleaſure to remark that the town was very quiet, that juſtice took its courſe, and that there was but one centinel at the door of the priſon.

It is well known that it was near this place the firſt Scotch King was drowned returning to Ireland.

Belfaſt

Belfaſt is a pretty town, and appears to carry on a flouriſhing trade. The chief branch of commerce there is the linen-manufactures; the linen-hall is of a conſiderable extent; I have already mentioned that Ireland was indebted for theſe eſtabliſhments to the French refugees driven from France by the edict of Nantes:—the misfortunes of France have ſerved its neighbours more than once.

During a heavy ſhower of hail, which reminded me that it was time to finiſh my journey, I arrived at Mr. Birch's, near Cumber. The gentlemen of this part of the country were then aſſembled, to agree on meaſures of ſafety againſt the inſurgents in caſe they ſhould be attacked by them. Some days before a body of cavalry had been robbed of their arms by the peaſants: I cannot conceive how ſoldiers can allow their arms to be ſtolen from them: it may happen once from their placing too much confidence in their hoſts, but it had happened twice or thrice here.

All this country is interſected by round hills nearly of an equal height, as far as Lough-Strangford, which is a large but ſhallow bay. The little town of Newtown-Ard is at one extremity of it: it is pretty enough and tolerably well-built, but muſt be rendered diſagreeable by the vapours ariſing from the mud when the tide is out. I may perhaps be reproached with ſpeaking ſo often about draining lakes in the courſe of this work; but I do it becauſe I think no country wants it more. I ſhall repeat what I have already ſaid twenty times, that it is a ſhame to let ſo many lakes and gulphs ſubſiſt, whilſt the ground they cover might be rendered very profitable.

Nothing can more clearly demonſtrate the extent of ground which might be gained from the ſea, than that four or five miles below the town people go acroſs the lough on horſeback, and even on foot when the tide is out. Although in this large ſpace there are ſome places very rocky, the ſoil is in general compoſed of clay, ſand, and ſhells.

I met

I met with a very kind reception at Mount-Stewart, from Lord and Lady Londonderry. Lady Londonderry is the Lord-Lieutenant's ſiſter. She leads a very retired life in the midſt of her amiable and numerous family, to whoſe education ſhe dedicates all her time. Lord Londonderry and his ſon were raiſing corps of Yeomanry, and adminiſtering the oath of allegiance to the peaſants who offered themſelves. Man is every where an imitative animal: they could hardly get ten or twelve at firſt, but after a few days ſeven or eight hundred enliſted.

The peaſants in this neighbourhood appear tolerably ſnug and keep themſelves pretty clean. At ſome diſtance from the town are to be ſeen the ruins of *Grey-Abbey:* the miniſter's houſe, which looks like a fine caſtle, is within its limits. I perceived a ſpring which reſembled the holy fountains I had ſeen in the weſt: I inquired if the peaſants came to make their rounds there: but the inhabitants of this part of the country are chiefly preſbyteri-

ans; I was, however, told that any perſon who drank of the water of this ſpring would never go out of Ireland; as I was reſolved to quit this country in a few days, I took care not to taſte it.

I went to Donaghadee, where I was received by the poſt-maſter, Mr. Smith, who aſſiſted me in providing my paſſage for Scotland. The number of cattle exported from hence to Scotland is almoſt incredible; the farmers are obliged to ſubmit to the impudent knavery of the captains of the lighters, in which the cattle are conveyed to the oppoſite coaſt: they make no ſcruple of demanding twenty guineas for a ſingle voyage, and, as they have all agreed on the price, the farmers are obliged to pay whatever they demand: ſo that the carriage of the horned cattle comes to about a guinea a head. I think the price ſhould be regulated by the police, as well as that of other ferry-boats, for the diſtance acroſs is only about twenty miles. The day I was there four hundred head of horned cattle were tranſported acroſs.

In

In two hours and a half I got to the preſbyterian ſide of the water. I once more paid my reſpects to the coaſt of Scotland, and congratulated myſelf at being arrived at my reſting place.

I had quitted Dublin the twenty-fifth of May, and landed at Port-Patrick the firſt of December: thus I had been ſix months on my ramble without proviſions, but without care, and without any baggage but what my pockets could hold.

My time had in reality been well ſpent; I had never paſſed it more agreeably: my ideas were enlarged: I had become acquainted with a people of an intereſting character, to whom their neighbours are ſtrangers, and who have often been the prey of avarice and caprice, combined during ages to vilify and debaſe them, in order to throw a gloſs over their tyranny.

The aſtoniſhing progreſs made during the laſt fifteen years, can leave us no doubt of the degree of proſperity they will attain,

tain, if the ſyſtem of moderation, which has at length been adopted, be continued. Far be from me the wiſh of encouraging inſubordination or revolt! The moderation I allude to, is that which every wiſe government ſhould adopt towards all its ſubjects, without any diſtinction of religious opinions. Too long have theſe deſtructive quarrels bedewed this unhappy country with the blood of her ſons: it is doubtleſs the object of government to eradicate them. England will learn by experience, that far from being injured by the proſperity of this country, ſhe will on the contrary be highly benefited by it; by deſtroying the ridiculous prejudices which ſhe has encouraged during ages, by making her really participate in the advantages of the laws by which ſhe herſelf is governed, ſhe will acquire the affections of four millions of ſubjects, whom her arms have conquered, but whom juſtice alone ſhould ſubdue.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A VISIT TO SCOTLAND.... EDINBURGH.

ALTHOUGH I had been already acquainted with the Scotch accent, it appeared ſtrange to me on my arrival. But it cannot be denied that the cleanlineſs and appearance of induſtry, diffuſed through all claſſes of ſociety, prepoſſeſs a ſtranger in favour of the inhabitants of Scotland. I paſſed through Stranraer, and walking along the coaſt ſoon arrived at the hill, from whence there is a beautiful proſpect of the ſea which ſeparates Ireland from Scotland, and the paſſage into the ocean between *Fair-Head* and the *Mull of Cantyre*, which may be very well diſtinguiſhed. I even thought I could perceive the ſurpriſing pillars of *Fair-Head*, and in ſpite of the hard froſt, which obliged me to lead my horſe over the ice, I found a deal of pleaſure in contemplating the beautiful proſpect ..... many would in ſuch a caſe prefer a fire-ſide.

The

The froſt was very ſevere whilſt I was going to Glaſgow: it is ſaid that it breaks ſtones, ſo that I ought not to be ſurpriſed that it tore my ſmall-clothes in a terrible manner; in ſpite of my handkerchief and ſome hay I had like to be frozen. After paſſing the night at Cathcart at the reverend Mr. Dowrs, I arrived at Glaſgow, which I had viſited in my firſt journey through Scotland: I admired the beauty of this city as much and even more than I had then, and I viſited with pleaſure thoſe perſons who had received me kindly when I made my firſt tour: amongſt others the family of Mr. Oſwald, at Scot's-town. It is but juſt to acknowledge that had it not been for his kindneſs and that of his family, the cold reception I met with at Edinburgh and elſewhere would never have enabled me to extricate myſelf from my embarraſſments. I received another proof of their friendſhip in this city: perceiving that the froſt continued, I took my horſe to a forge to get his ſhoes *froſtened;* the ſmith hurt the poor animal very much; ſo that not knowing what to do with him and

it

it being very expenſive to keep him at an inn, I intended to leave him there, without caring any more about him. I ſpoke about this to Mr. Alexander Oſwald, who came to ſee him, and having examined him, ſaid, "*Would twelve guineas ſuit you?*" "*They would ſuit me perfectly well,*" anſwered I. This noble and frank mode of acting made me wiſh that my poor Bucephalus might be converted in his hands into an Arabian courſer.

I feel more pleaſure in acknowledging an act of kindneſs, than in ridiculing an inſult: I may ſometimes be ſatyrical, but ſhall never be ungrateful.

Whilſt at Scot's-town I paſſed over the river on the ice, although it was covered with water, and went to ſee the manufactories of Paiſley; they are really of an aſtoniſhing extent; the inſtruments alone of the manufactory which I viſited, coſt upwards of twenty thouſand pounds. It muſt be confeſſed that they muſt conſequently manufacture a vaſt number of cravats and muſlins

muſlins in order to pay their expenſes, and yet this manufactory is much inferior to that of Lanark, of which I will ſpeak hereafter.

I quitted Glaſgow alone, according to my uſual cuſtom, which I deviated from, by taking a place in the coach as far as Falkirk; I made the reſt of my journey on foot and paſſing the Forth in ſpite of the ſea at Alloa, I was pleaſed at once more finding myſelf in the country where I had before been hoſpitably received by Mr. Bruce of Kennet, and by Major Mayne, with whom I had reſided a long time. Going from thence along the courſe of the Forth, near the iron-mines, or rather in a ſoil of iron, for in ſome places there is nothing elſe to be ſeen, I paſſed the river at Queen's-ferry, and at length arrived at Edinburgh.

Edinburgh is a large city; a ſtranger looks with aſtoniſhment at the houſes, ſeveral of which are ten, and ſome twelve ſtories high; in ſome parts there are ſtreets which appear to be piled over each other, and

and thoſe which are higher are joined by bridges; altogether it has an odd appearance.

The new town, inhabited by rich people, is very regularly built and adorned with handſome edifices; although all the houſes are more remarkable for neatneſs than elegance, they appear to have been conſtructed on the ſame model; they are built after the Engliſh faſhion, every perſon has a houſe for his family, who conſequently are not diſturbed by having noiſy neighbours over their heads, as is the caſe at Paris, and other cities in France, and even in the old town of Edinburgh, which is in general an ugly, dirty, ill-built place. This will be eaſily conceived by reflecting that it is ſituated on a hill ſurrounded by two dirty vallies, which were formerly marſhes; one of theſe was lately drained, they have built on the other: the former can be rendered fit for being built on, only by making a canal in the middle of it. The other conſiſts of narrow lanes, with houſes three, four, or five feet in breadth;

and ſeven or eight ſtories high; the longeſt of theſe lanes is called the *Cowgate*. The houſes are very diſagreeable dwellings, particularly the three or four firſt ſtories, but they command a fine proſpect of the bridge, which is juſt on a level with the fourth ſtory. This bridge conſiſts of one arch; handſome houſes have been built on it; theſe houſes form a ſtreet on the ſame line with the north bridge, which is built acroſs the other valley; and which joins the new with the old town of Edinburgh oppoſite the regiſter-office. This latter bridge is really magnificent! When you get under the arches you are aſtoniſhed at their height; unfortunately there is no water under them. The following Epigram on this bridge was written by the late Lord Dreghorn, whom the republic of letters have lately loſt:

Leander, who (old poets write)
The Helleſpont ſwam every night,
Strength mighty love ſupplied,
Would juſtly have exclaim'd and ſwore
Had, when he gained the Lady's door,
Admittance been denied.

I, a no

I, a no leſs enamour'd ſwain,
Have as much reaſon to complain
When ſhut on me your gate.
I, (tho' ſeeming ſtrange, tis really true)
Each time I go to viſit you,
Brave as ſevere a fate.
The interval 'twixt you and me
Although a bridge and not a ſea
Is equally unkind:
From water I confeſs it ſaves
No fear of periſhing by waves,
But very great by wind.

From the college, which is not yet finiſhed, all the part of the city, comprehending part of the old and the entire of the new town, is handſomer than any city in Europe. It is a pity the magiſtrates are ſo negligent as to leave the valley, which ſeparates both towns, uncultivated;—it would really be a ſhame for a farmer to have a piece of land in ſuch a ſtate. I think that ſo rich a city as Edinburgh might eaſily bear the expenſe of converting this valley into a publick garden, which would be the more neceſſary becauſe they have no publick walk in the interior of the city, except Prince's-ſtreet, a long ſtreet

in the new town, expoſed to the ſouth, about three quarters of a mile in length, on the edge of this valley. From this ſtreet there is a proſpect of the old town and of the caſtle of Edinburgh, the irregularity of which, joined to the towering height of the houſes, forms a ſtriking proſpect, which would be much improved by the cultivation of the intermediate ground. It would be alſo neceſſary to demoliſh theſe old houſes; and from the fondneſs of the Scotch for the embelliſhment of their city, this will probably be ſoon done.

Nevertheleſs it muſt be confeſſed that this regular and well-built part of the city has the fault common to all places of the kind, which are inhabited only by the rich; the want of ſhops gives it a melancholy appearance; this is alſo the caſe at Nancy in Lorrain, Manheim in Germany, and Turin.

With the clay dug out of the foundations of the houſes they have made a mound, which opens another communi-

cation

cation between both diviſions of Edinburgh, but which would be laid out to more advantage by covering the valley with it; and in place of the mound, making a bridge, under the arches of which the walks may be extended. This would render the air more ſalubrious, by giving a paſſage to the denſe vapours of this marſh. The caſtle is ſituated on the extremity of a rock oppoſite Prince's-ſtreet; the only acceſſible way to it is through the principal ſtreet, the rock is two hundred feet high and quite ſteep at every other ſide. It commands the city, which would be deſtroyed by the cannon of it in a very ſhort time, though it would afford but a very poor defence; it appears to be a very bad neighbour, for if the place was attacked by an enemy, the caſtle alone could make any reſiſtance, and it could neither be attacked nor defended without deſtroying the city.

There are in this direction, between the German-ſea and the Weſtern-ocean, many rocks inſulated like that of Edinburgh,

inacceſſible on the weſtern ſide, but which may be eaſily aſcended on the other.—This has given riſe to many antidiluvian reveries, curious enough, but which would be miſplaced here. Yet it is certain that the ſteep ſide of the hills in Scotland is towards the weſt, and the regularity of this ſuppoſes an identity of cauſe.

The cathedral, or at leaſt the church formerly called ſo, is very old, it is ſituated and divided into four different pariſhes, without much taſte, like all the Scotch churches, which are too full of ſeats. Every family has its own, and there is no room for the publick, or a ſtranger, except an inhabitant gives him a ſeat;—they are all hired by the year, and in moſt churches, particularly in thoſe of the diſſenters, the rent paid for them forms the chief part of the ſalary of the miniſters.

They have lately built a bridewell in this city, the only building of this kind I have ſeen. The cells of the priſoners are built over each other like an amphitheatre of

of four ſtories round a tower, and the light enters through a glaſs-roof. From this tower the jailor ſees the priſoners, and is able to diſtinguiſh whether they are buſy at the work allotted to them: at the foot of it is a pulpit for the miniſter. The old *parliament-houſe*, where the court of ſeſſions is held at preſent, is not remarkable, though the hall is extenſive. Over the door is a handſome white-marble ſtatue, which the lawyers erected in honour of one of the judges, as a teſtimony of reſpect for his memory; and in the ſquare before this edifice is a handſome equeſtrian ſtatue of Charles the ſecond.

Holyrood-houſe, or the abbey, the ancient dwelling-place of the Scottiſh Kings, is a large ſquare building, with two towers to the front, but which has nothing remarkable, and muſt have been a diſagreeable reſidence, as the court is too narrow and confined. They ſtill ſhew ſome bones in a cell of the chapel, the roof of which fell down ſome years ago; among others may be ſeen the ſkull of James the firſt, King of Scotland,

Scotland, and the thigh-bones of Darnley, huſband of Mary Queen of Scots. There is a handſome monument of white-marble, which has been ſpoiled by the fall of the roof. There is alſo a gallery full of the portraits of the ancient Kings of Scotland, as ſtrangers at leaſt are told. The perſons who ſhew theſe curioſities have divided them into different departments, in order to increaſe their gains; but, in fact, what is given to one of them ought to be a ſufficient recompenſe for ſeeing the entire.

The hoſpital is kept in good order, and may contain about three hundred patients. Young men come from every part of the Britiſh dominions to ſtudy phyſic in Edinburgh. There are lectures given at the college on eighteen or twenty different ſubjects, the price of which is about three guineas; beſides there are private lectures, and ſocieties where the ſtudents of medicine meet and diſcuſs different topics relative to this ſcience.

The

The play-houſe is rather a poor building for ſo large a city. The reaſon is, that rich people are not fond of theatrical entertainments in Scotland; they lead a domeſtic life, and do not appear fond of publick aſſemblies.

The regiſter-office, a lofty dome, worthy of attracting the curioſity of a traveller, contains the ancient and modern archives of Scotland. The papers are regularly arranged (although a little duſty) with the names of the counties they belong to written on them in large characters. Perhaps there is no country in the world where property is more ſecure, or where the purchaſer runs leſs riſk. All mortgages muſt be regiſtered, or otherwiſe cannot be claimed by the creditor, by this means he can ſee the debts on an eſtate at a glance, and can never be deceived.

The ſurrounding mountains give this city a pictureſque appearance, and furniſh the inhabitants with pleaſant walks. Arthur's-ſeat is about eight hundred feet high.

high. From the top of this mountain you can diſcover to the eaſt and weſt an extent of forty miles of country; you ſee beſides the mouth of Firth of Forth, which is about eight or nine miles broad; but the aſcent of this hill is very fatiguing, and a perſon muſt have good ſight to enjoy the proſpect. Calton-hill, on which the bridewell has been built, is one of the moſt agreeable walks I ever ſaw. The proſpect of the Firth of Forth, the fine country on its banks, and the city compoſe altogether a delightful view; ſome travellers ſay it ſurpaſſes that of Conſtantinople.

It is a pity that this city is not ſituated on a river, or at leaſt near the ſea, which is two miles diſtant from it; Leith, an ugly little town, is the ſea-port of Edinburgh; it is a good place for ſhipping although at low water the veſſels are left on the ſand: this might be eaſily remedied by making a flood-gate at the entrance of the port, as has been done at Liverpool and Hull.

Near

Near the little river which paſſes by Leith, there is a mineral ſpring of ſulphurous water, ſaid to be very good for the ſcurvy: the water reſembles that of Aix-la-Chapelle in taſte, but is cold. It is rather odd, that in ſo mountainous a country as Scotland, there is not one ſpring of hot water.

This fountain is under a little temple, built by Lord Gardenſtown, which coſt him upwards of two thouſand pounds. The architecture of it is noble; it appears to have been built on the ſame model as that of Trivoli near Rome. In order to embelliſh it ſtill more, Lord Gardenſtown got a ſtatue of Hygeia, goddeſs of health, from London. The ſculptor, probably thinking it would be placed on the dome, made it of a gigantic ſize, and it has been awkwardly placed on a pedeſtal, through which the pipe, which conveys the water to the drinkers, paſſes.

This awkwardneſs has made ſome wicked wits write epigrams on the goddeſs. The late

late Lord H——, of the court of ſeſſions, a man of conſiderable information, has lampooned her in the following epigram:

A finiſhed beauty I from London came,
Grace and proportion had adorned my frame,
But raſh I taſted this empoiſoned well,
And ſtraight ('tis true, though wonderful to tell)
To ſize gigantic all my members ſwell.
Whether through coal the fountain urge its courſe,
Or noxious metals taint its hidden ſource,
Or (envious neighbour) Cloacina ſtain,
The ſtream with liquid from the Queen-ſtreet drain;
The effect is certain, though the cauſe obſcure;
My figure ought to frighten—not allure.
And, blameleſs though the ſkilful ſculptor's hand,
Not as a ſtatue, but a beacon ſtand.
Thou! whom amuſement or diſtemper brings,
To view the pillars, or to taſte the ſprings,
Warn'd by my fate, the nauſeous draught decline,
The lord erector's regimen be thine,
Abſtain from water, and indulge in wine.

I invite any traveller who may come to Edinburgh, to go out of his room on ſunday, when the church-bell rings, and to go along the flags when the people are either going to ſervice, or coming from it; I am convinced that the devout appearance of the

the handſome young ladies he will meet will edify him more than all the clergy in Scotland together.

At Edinburgh is to be ſeen a piece of curioſity, particularly in theſe times, called the *Maiden*, a ſpecies of *Guillotine*. It was brought from France, others ſay from Cornwall, (where it is known this long time) by Lord Moreton; he was the firſt who tried the experiment with it about two years ago; it has been ſince often made uſe of. It reſembles thoſe machines for raiſing loads common in ſea-port towns; the only difference is that theſe machines are ſuſpended on three beams, whereas in this there are but two, which are perpendicular to the ground and very near each other: there is an iron ring, into which the neck of the victim is put, and a leaden weight of two hundred pounds fixed on a ſharp blade ſoon relieves him from this diſagreeable poſture.

I read a quarto volume on the hiſtory of Scotland during my ſtay in this city; I

have learned from it that the Scotch pretend to be deſcended from a Spaniſh colony, which had been driven out of Spain by the Carthaginians, and obliged to take refuge, firſt in Ireland, and afterwards in Caledonia, the inhabitants of which country were diſpoſſeſſed by them of the weſtern coaſts. Their firſt king was called Fergus, and was drowned in a voyage he undertook from Ireland to Scotland, three hundred and thirty years before the birth of Chriſt, and about the time of Alexander the great. They have a liſt of one hundred and eight kings, of whom fifty died of violent deaths, among whom three were depoſed, put to death, and their heads carried on pikes through the principal parts of the kingdom. But of what conſequence are the diſſentions of a nation of barbarians?

The only part of their hiſtory which has had any influence on the general tranſactions of Europe, and perhaps more than is imagined, is the defeat and expulſion of the Picts, a tribe which inhabited the

the eaſtern coaſt. After their defeat they were obliged to abandon this country and to emigrate into Norway and Denmark. In theſe countries they found a race of pirates, willing to embrace any project that afforded a proſpect of plunder, and they found no difficulty in perſuading them to take arms and join them in making a deſcent on the coaſt of Scotland, where they were worſted at firſt, but afterwards ſucceeded in making themſelves maſters of the country of the Picts in Fifeſhire, and afterwards of England, Ireland, and the weſtern iſlands. Having learned the ſtate of the neighbouring countries in theſe expeditions, and their ambition increaſing with their ſucceſs they determined to attack France, which was obliged to give up Normandy to them, a province which afterwards conquered England.

This reflection on the expeditions of theſe tribes in the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, appears to me to have at leaſt the merit of novelty; and though I am far from thinking that the defeat and emigra-

tion of a horde of barbarians could have been the cauſe of all the ſubſequent wars; yet it appears certain to me that all the northern nations were inſtigated by them to take up arms, firſt, to put them in poſſeſſion of their former dominions, and afterwards, their ambition being augmented by ſucceſs, they puſhed their conqueſts farther.

From this it may be perceived that emigration is an old faſhion. The Carthaginians made the Spaniards emigrate into Ireland, they afterwards went into Caledonia, or Scotland, where they eſtabliſhed themſelves, and made the ancient inhabitants emigrate in their turn; theſe carried the rage for emigration with them into Denmark and Norway; the inhabitants of theſe countries drove the Britons into Armorica the preſent Brittany. Thus from one emigration to another until we come to our own, which ought, in my opinion, to give people a ſurfeit of emigrating for ever. . . . . Such was Edinburgh as I had ſeen it in my tour through Scotland: the buildings and ſquares were the ſame ſtill, but

but the manners of the people appeared to be quite changed. Every body was a ſoldier:—phyſicians, lawyers, attornies, even the miniſters of the goſpel and the profeſſors of the univerſity were learning their exerciſe. I do not mean to inſinuate that there was any impropriety in this, only that it was a very great change.

They had armed porters, chairmen, lacquies and tradeſmen of every kind; theſe got two ſhillings a week pay, as a compenſation for the time they loſt learning their exerciſe.

This martial ſpirit was highly laudable, but it did not appear ſo neceſſary to me, when I reflected that I had been often told in this country that one Engliſhman would beat three Frenchmen, and it has been often hinted to me ſince I had croſſed the Tweed, that one Scotchman is worth three Engliſhmen.

It is rather odd that the threats of an invaſion ſhould be renewed in every war

between England and France with the ſame ſucceſs. Theſe threats are eſteemed by government at their value, and oblige them only to keep a fleet of twenty ſail of the line in the channel, which might be employed to more advantage elſewhere: but at any rate, they make Engliſhmen open their purſes, by the terror they inſpire. The true ſecret, ſays Cardinal de Retz, is to govern people by apprehenſions, of which they are the inſtruments: this ſecret is very well known in Great-Britain.

The ſame martial ardour reigned in Edinburgh when they were enliſting the volunteers, as in France when people were getting into the national militia, though the objects were different. Some perſons were continually teizing me in order to perſuade me to become a volunteer; it was in vain for me to tell them that I came into Scotland to obey the laws, but not to defend them, in order to be protected, but not to protect others; theſe reaſons did not appear ſo convincing to them as they did to me; they wanted me to take an active

tive part in the party-diviſions which prevailed, and I was often reproached with ſeeming to eat, with equal reliſh, the dinners of the members of oppoſition, and thoſe of the friends of William Pitt.

A perſon who has not been in Great-Britain cannot eaſily form an idea of the degree of animoſity which prevails between both parties, and of the violence with which they defend their chiefs. One of them has done all the miſchief; the other alone can repair it. If the king took it into his head to chooſe ſome other perſon beſides theſe two, I would not be ſurpriſed if both parties combined againſt him, and perhaps they would bring about a revolution . . . . . if the new miniſter had not ſome method of ſecuring a majority.

The oppoſition to the miniſter is directed rather againſt his perſon than his principles: his partiſans have either already received or expect ſome favour from him. There are alſo ſome perſons on both ſides quite

quite diſintereſted, but they are few in number. He is the greateſt man that ever preſided over the affairs of a nation, ſay ſome. Whilſt their opponents exclaim, Oh! the monſter, the villain, he has brought the nation to the brink of deſtruction: we are ruined by him. There is only one method of ſaving us, and that is to hang Mr. Pitt, and to put Mr. Fox in his place.

During the winter of ninety-ſeven the anti-miniſterialiſts of Edinburgh drew up humble petitions to the King, in order to prevail upon his majeſty to diſmiſs his weak and wicked miniſters. The people were ſigning them in ale-houſes, and I heard that every perſon who put down his name got a glaſs of wine: it was ſaid that ſome perſons ſigned ſo often during the courſe of the day, that they were drunk in the evening. If this be true the partiſans of the oppoſition only imitated the conduct of the miniſterialiſts, for when theſe were raiſing a corps of volunteers, they got a hogſhead of porter carried through the town, with which they refreſhed all thoſe who were willing to enliſt.

While the haranguers in coffee-houſes were declaiming againſt the wretched ſtate of the nation, there were ſeven balls daily, beſides plays, the concert, the circus, the panorama, wild beaſts, and all theſe publick aſſemblies were crowded. An Italian, who contrived to get himſelf recommended by ſome perſons of quality, drew a great crowd to what he called his literary exhibitions, at which he read with a Milaneſe accent, the tragedies of Corneille and the comedies of Moliere. This country is really the land of promiſe for quacks: this Italian quack had compoſed an eulogium on the Scotch in the ſtile of his country, of which he had only to change the name to make it ſuit any place he went to: the exordium of it ran thus: "Fooliſh "lovers, why do you go ſtill to Paphos? "Venus has abandoned this iſland; ſhe "has taken up her abode among the ami-"able ladies of Scotland." When I read this, parbleu! ſaid I, how lucky it was I thought of ſpending the winter in Edinburgh, as I may chance to meet the goddeſs there! In the midſt of all this diſſipa-

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tion they are talking of ſending miſſionaries to preach the goſpel among the Indians, Gentoos, Arabians and even among the Chineſe. There is already a long liſt of ſubſcribers.

The circus, where Aſtley's troop exhibited their activity, was changed into a church on ſundays: I ſaw about two thouſand perſons there; the boxes were quite full, and the preacher was in the prompter's place. Twenty years ago the mob of Edinburgh burned the play-houſe, as the devil's dwelling-place, and they go now to receive the ſacrament there: at this rate in another ſcore years they will act plays in the churches.

Many new ſects had ſtarted up ſincemy former viſit to the capital of Scotland: one, amongſt others, laying aſide the auſterity of the preſbyterian religion, aſſerted that God ought to be worſhipped in a cheerful manner; in conſequence of this doctrine, they ſung the pſalms to a very gay tune, and burſt out laughing at the chorus.

Many

Many perſons not in orders preached often in publick: it was not uncommon to hear ſailors declaiming on the torments of hell, and what was ſtill more extraordinary, I heard a very honeſt attorney edify the audience by his ſermons.

I am aſtoniſhed the miniſters do not diſcourage this method, for it is an incroachment on their privileges: if unfortunately the people diſcovered that they might have ſermons without the aſſiſtance of the clergy, there would be an end to the eccleſiaſtical benefices for theſe are paid by the audience in Scotland.

Sunday was obſerved as uſual, that is, the ladies went to church, and the gentlemen ſtuck to the bottle: I knew a miniſter who ſhaved himſelf on ſaturday, from a repugnance to profane the ſabbath by ſuch a work. It was lucky he did not conſider it a ſin to put on his ſmall-clothes. Some time ago there was an edict to prohibit hair-dreſſers from powdering hair on ſunday; but chairmen, hackney-coachmen, or

or cooks, were not prevented from attending to their uſual occupations.

I heard that about twenty years ago a fantaſtical miniſter went to Rome, with the laudable intention of converting the pope to the preſbyterian religion. When the pope was giving his benediction to the people, who were proſtrating themſelves, the Scotchman cried out, *Oh! abomination of abomination! behold the w——e of Babylon ready to conſummate her work of indignity.*

The whole aſſembly were aſtoniſhed at this addreſs. The miniſter was arreſted and conveyed before the pope; but when his holineſs heard that he was a Britiſh ſubject (for though they burned him annually in effigy, he was very fond of the Engliſh) he aſked him ſome queſtions; the other told his motive for having undertaken this journey and began to preach: the pope liſtened to him very patiently, and then ſaid; "My dear ſon, what would you "think of me, and how would you re-

"ceive

" ceive me if I went to Scotland, entered " one of your places of worſhip, and told " you that you were all a parcel of here- " ticks, and going ſtraight to the devil? " Take my advice, go home and moderate " your zeal; endeavour to ſerve your flock " as much as you can. I have given or- " ders that you ſhall want nothing for your " journey." The miniſter, on going out, was arreſted by a perſon who conveyed him to Oſtia, gave him ſome money, and put him on board a ſhip bound for Edinburgh.

I ſaw them celebrate the king's birth-day in this city with a great degree of ſolemnity. The lord provoſt, the mayor of the city, and the other magiſtrates had invited the judges of the court of ſeſſions, the officers of the different corps, and many other perſons, to celebrate the anniverſary of the king's birth-day in the hall of the parliament-houſe. There were four or five tables, among the reſt one where the people were obliged to ſtand. They were covered with preſerved fruits and ſweetmeats. The lord provoſt ſat at the head of the table in

his robes of ſtate, which, by the bye, much reſemble thoſe of the mayor of Nantes, and cried out, "*Gentlemen fill your glaſſes.*" An order which it was not neceſſary to repeat, and then he ſaid, "*The King,*" which every perſon repeated and drank his glaſs; ſhortly after the provoſt again cried out, "*Gentlemen fill your glaſſes,*" and gave another toaſt, and ſo on during three hours. I muſt mention, that though nearly three bottles a man were drank, no perſon was intoxicated nor even tipſy, a proof that Scotch heads are made of good ſtuff.

In my former voyage through Scotland I had not taken notice of a curious compliment they pay the royal family, by which, they at the ſame time recal to mind the union of both kingdoms. It conſiſts in the parallel diviſion of the five principal ſtreets in the new town. The moſt ſouthern is called *Prince's-ſtreet*, the northern *Queen's-ſtreet*, in honour of the Queen, one of the ſmall ones near *Queen's-ſtreet*, is called *Thiſtle-ſtreet*, becauſe there is a thiſtle in the arms of Scotland: another is called

called *Roſe-ſtreet*, becauſe red and white roſes belong to the arms of England, though the ſtreet is by no means remarkable for the odour of roſes. In the middle ſtreet between Scotland and England is *George's-ſtreet*, which joins *Charlotte-ſquare* on one ſide, and on the other *St. Andrew's-ſquare*. St. Andrew was the tutelar ſaint of Scotland. Behind this part of the city is *James's-ſquare*, which appears to be thrown in the back ground; in order to get to this ſquare you muſt get up an aſcent, and then deſcend towards the ſea. It is evident that the people who contrived this were very ingenious.

I went to ſee a publick eſtabliſhment, in praiſe of which too much cannot be ſaid, it is intended for the maintenance of the blind, who pay all the expenſe of it by their labour. There are alſo work-houſes which furniſh employment to the poor at a ſhilling a day. There are always about a hundred of them occupied in breaking ſtones for the high-roads; by theſe means there is a great ſtore, but they ſtill find em-

ployment for theſe poor people which enables them to live. The city is very quiet at night, though there are few watchmen, which are rendered unneceſſary by the peaceable diſpoſition of the inhabitants. I do not recollect to have heard of a robbery whilſt I was in Scotland; for though I have cracked ſome jokes on Edinburgh, it is certainly one of the moſt agreeable places of reſidence in Great-Britain. One remarkable circumſtance relative to it, is, that all the profeſſors of the univerſity are learned men, and have acquired celebrity by their works. The beſt writers that have appeared in Great-Britain, within theſe laſt fifty years, are Scotchmen; it is ſufficient to mention Hume, Robertſon, and Smollet. I look upon the lawyers to be the beſt informed and moſt ſociable claſs of ſociety there. A ſtranger, who wiſhed to become acquainted with the inhabitants of the three kingdoms, and to ſee the beſt of them with reſpect to information and politeneſs, ſhould get himſelf introduced to the merchants of London, the lawyers at Edinburgh,

burgh, and the nobility and rich gentry at their country-ſeats in Ireland.

The Count D'Artois has ſplendid apartments in the palace of the ancient Scottiſh kings; they are ſimply but elegantly furniſhed. The gentlemen of his retinue are all advanced in years. The prudent conduct of this prince at Edinburgh, has acquired him the eſteem and reſpect of a people who are very reſerved towards ſtrangers. I conſidered it as a duty incumbent on me to pay him my reſpects. The misfortunes of his family contributed to make me more deſirous of proving my eſteem for him.

I ſhould be guilty of an act of injuſtice, if I did not profit of this opportunity to return thanks to the amiable family of Mr. Clerk, of Eldin, to Baron Gordon, Lord Ankerville, Sir Harry Moncriffe, the Lord Provoſt, Mr. Elder, and ſome other worthy perſons, who have treated me very kindly, and enabled

me to ſurmount the obſtacles I met with in printing my firſt work.

After reſiding here until I had ſettled my affairs; I began to think of returning to Ireland, to finiſh my tour in that country, and to fulfil my promiſe to thoſe who had given me a hoſpitable reception there, by publiſhing an account of my rambles.

As uſual, when I was quitting or returning to Scotland, I went to pay my reſpects to thoſe who had been civil to me. I took a place in the coach for Stirling, and perceiving a young girl, tolerably well-dreſſed, getting on the outſide of the coach, becauſe the inſide was already occupied; I took her by the hand and, without ſaying a word, put her in my place, to the great aſtoniſhment of the other paſſengers, who were ſurpriſed at my gallantry; nevertheleſs, they ſeemed to be ſtruck by it, for one of them offered me his place at the firſt ſtage; a proof that theſe people are very ſuſceptible of improvement. The ſtage-coach ſtopped at Linlithgow, a little town in a pretty

pretty ſituation over a ſmall lake. After the battle of Falkirk the king's troops were ſo terrified that ſome of them fled without ſtopping to Edinburgh: others halted in this town, and by ſome accident ſet fire to the palace, of which the walls alone remain. On the oppoſite ſquare there is a fountain, over which there are ſome odd-looking figures, among others, a man with a crown on his head, who is opening his cloak with both his hands, forgetting probably that he had not put on his breeches. In the middle of the ſtreet is a pipe, over which is written, *St. Michael kind to ſtrangers*, under the figure of an angel. He is in fact very kind, although the commodity he diſtributes ſo liberally to paſſengers, is not in great demand in this country: yet he gives it *gratis*, which is rather uncommon in moſt countries, and not at all the faſhion in Scotland. Falkirk was, as I had ſeen it in my former tour, an ugly hole, Carron work very ſmoaky. I viſited with pleaſure my old acquaintances at Stirling; they were all perſuading me to go to their church, but I preferred that eſtabliſhed by

act

act of parliament, and had the pleaſure of hearing the miniſter preach for three hours. I found no ſmall amuſement in going to ſee the places I had viſited two years before. The inſcription over the gate of the hoſpital at Stirling deſerves to be mentioned. A taylor, who had made a fortune, three or four hundred years ago, left part of it, by his will, to the hoſpital: the inſcription round a pair of ſciſſars cut out in white marble, is remarkable, *Remember reader that the ſciſſars of this honeſt man do more honour to human nature than the ſword of the conqueror.*

The adjacent country is full of copper-mines; of theſe, however, only one is worked, and that but a ſhort time. At ſome diſtance from the Devil's-bridge, a maſſy piece of ſilver was found in the reign of Charles the ſecond; it was worth fifty thouſand pounds, about a million of livres; but it was only what mineralogiſts call a *neſt of ſilver*, there was no vein.

This

This part of the country is very well cultivated; in order to encourage emulation among the labourers, the landlords have annually what they call a *ploughing-match*; they chooſe a field, where all the ploughmen of the neighbouring country come, with their ploughs and horſes adorned with ribbons. They are all drawn up in a line and ſtart together: whoever makes the beſt and ſtraighteſt furrow, in the opinion of the other labourers and the landlords, receives a prize of ſome value, is complimented on his ſkill, and is always ſure of getting a place. The emulation produced by a ceremony of this kind among the peaſants, may be eaſily conceived; and the conſequence is, that I never ſaw better cultivated and more fertile plains. From this circumſtance we may form an idea of the reception an Engliſhman met with ſome years ago in this country; he came to ſee this ceremony, followed by a waggon full of ſalt-meat, bread, wine, and vegetables. He undoubtedly ſuppoſed that he ſhould acquire a great name by his generoſity, and that he might

diſplay

diſplay his riches in treating the poor Scotch *obliged to live in this inhoſpitable climate*. He was quite aſtoniſhed when they not only would not taſte of his viands, but turned him into ridicule. I have been aſſured, that vexed by ſuch a reception, he ſet out for London immediately; and propably, he now amuſes himſelf with telling the ſtories he heard from his nurſe, like many grave writers, who have ſet out from happy old England, to viſit the foppiſh, ſuperſtitious and half-ſtarved inhabitants of Gaul.

During the rebellion of 1745, a Scotch lady preſerved her huſband from being taken in a curious manner. The huſband was a partizan of the houſe of Stuart, and had ſignified his intention to join Prince Charles's ſtandard on the day following. His wife, after trying in vain to diſſuade him from it, begged as a favour that he would at leaſt breakfaſt with her before his departure; to this he conſented. Next morning he had his boots on, his horſe at the door, and every thing prepared for his journey:

journey: his wife took an opportunity of pouring ſome boiling water into his boot while ſhe was making tea. The reader may eaſily conceive his rage; "Kill me, if "you pleaſe," ſaid his wife, "but I could "deviſe no other means of ſaving you from "the fury of both parties. No perſon "can now be offended, for I hope you "will not be able to quit this houſe for "ſome weeks." Many would not be diſpleaſed at being ſcalded on ſuch an occaſion.

Some ſlight ſhocks of an earthquake, accompanied by a ſubterraneous noiſe, were felt from time to time near the Roman camp of Ardoch. This camp appears as if it had been laid out but a few days; it is ſquare, ſurrounded by a rampart, and five lines above the level of the ground, ſeparated from each other by foſſe's, five or ſix feet wide: theſe fortifications are no bad defence even againſt cannon. It had four entrances, two of which have been deſtroyed; the two others are to the north and eaſt. This camp is about thirteen miles to the eaſt of Stirling. I ſaw many

others

others ſmaller and leſs regular to the north of Ardoch, which appear to have been out-poſts.

Theſe ſhocks of an earthquake are felt here every month theſe many years: I have felt one in the neighbouring mountains; the waters of the lakes undergo a viſible agitation from the ſhock, they have often been raiſed and lowered ſome feet during it. No perſon has hitherto been able to aſſign the cauſe of this phenomenon. There is no hot ſpring in the neighbourhood, which may induce us to ſuppoſe there was a volcano; nor have I heard that there were any appearances which may lead us to ſuppoſe that a volcano had formerly exiſted here; and theſe ſhocks are not felt in the adjacent country. Some perſons aſcribe this phenomenon to ſubterraneous winds ſtruggling for a paſſage. Whatever the cauſe may be, the inhabitants are ſo much accuſtomed to theſe ſhocks, that they ſpeak of them with a deal of indifference, and that a few miles from the place where they happen, the people

people know nothing about them. I often wiſhed that a fine volcano ſhould appear in the midſt of theſe deſerts, it would attract the curious from every part of Europe. The inhabitants of the mountains are ſaid to have a complaint called, from politeneſs, the *Scotch fiddle*. One of their kings ſet ſuch a value on this eruption, that he pretended it was an enjoyment too exquiſite for a ſubject to rub his back againſt a ſtone. I ſhould mention, that I have not ſeen more of theſe muſical inſtruments in Scotland than elſewhere, and though I ſpent ſome time in the mountains, I left the country without having learned to play on it.

I at length ſet out, after having ſpent ſome time in this good and fine country, and repoſed myſelf after my labours. I met every where with a kind reception, from perſons whoſe friendſhip and eſteem I had gained, and nothing would have been wanting to render my ſatisfaction complete, had it not been for the quarrels between the partizans of the miniſtry and thoſe of

oppoſition. A ſtranger always hears of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, perſons about whom he ought not to be any more intereſted than about Mahomet and Aly. Like theſe two rival prophets, I believe them both very ſkilful; but tired with the eternal repetition of their names and talents, I have often wiſhed them both in h—ll.

It is rather odd that in theſe diſputes the king's name is never mentioned. All you hear about him is, the king has dined in ſuch a place, the king has gone to Windſor, &c. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox occupy the reſt of the converſation.

At Glaſgow I was introduced to Mr. Dale, one of the moſt extraordinary characters I ever knew. He was at firſt but a poor weaver; he has, however, by dint of induſtry, acquired a large fortune. He was ſo good as to conduct me to his cotton-mills at Lanark, near the fall of the Clyde. In going through Hamilton he ſhewed me a houſe, where, he ſaid, he had been many a year at the loom. His mills

conſiſt

conſiſt of four large buildings, each of four ſtories, with ſeventeen or eighteen windows in front. I never ſaw more machines, more wheels, or more cotton any where. All the wheels are put in motion by water from the Clyde, conveyed by a canal, conſtructed at a conſiderable expenſe through a rock upwards of two hundred feet in thickneſs. Before there were any manufactories in this place, it was wild and uninhabited; at preſent it contains about two thouſand ſouls.

Mr. Dale maintains at his own expenſe near five hundred children, whom he gets inſtructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic. They are kept in great order, are clean, and tolerably well-dreſſed. When they are fifteen or ſixteen years old, after having acquired habits of induſtry, they leave this manufactory and never want for employment. On this account in particular I value the cotton-mills of Lanark. This maintains upwards of two thouſand perſons, and preſerves to ſociety a great

number of poor children, moſtly friendleſs, who would otherwiſe be a burden on the publick.

Many perſons in Ireland having expreſſed a wiſh to form ſome eſtabliſhment, which would give employment to the children in their neighbourhood; I took the liberty of propoſing ſome queſtions to Mr. Dale, on the practicability of imitating his plan on a ſmall ſcale. He has repeatedly aſſured me that ſuch a ſcheme was impracticable, and the beſt mode of employing poor children, would be to follow the old method, except a conſiderable number could be got together, who ſhould have no other occupation. The ſmalleſt eſtabliſhment of this kind would coſt at leaſt ſeven or eight thouſand pounds; the cotton-mills of Lanark have coſt upwards of an hundred thouſand.

The fall of the Clyde is about two miles from theſe mills; the way to it is through a charming walk in a wood incloſed in Lady

dy Roſs's park. I have ſeen many water-falls, but none more romantic. In going there I found a key: "Oh," ſaid my guide, "that is a ſign of good *luck*." "Good or "bad," ſaid I, "it is the ſign of a *lock*."

When I returned to Glaſgow my fellow-travellers ſtunned me with their converſation about *money*, *bank*, *cotton*, *goods*, *bills*. Though I ſtopped my ears, the ſound of *money*, *money*, was continually reſounded in them: if the ſubſtance had got into my pockets with equal facility, perhaps I might have at length been reconciled to the ſound.

I went once more to Mr. Oſwald's at Scots-town, where I ſpent two or three very pleaſant days. I may declare, without being liable to any imputation of vanity, that there is not a corner of Scotland or Ireland where I have not met with a polite reception, and been often treated with very great kindneſs. Beſides the amiable family of Scots-town, Doctor Wright, and Mr.

Brown, were very friendly to me; if ever France recovers its ancient ſplendour and that I can reviſit my houſehold gods, how happy ſhould I find myſelf at having an opportunity of proving my gratitude.

Trade was very briſk at Glaſgow, in ſpite of the war; the publick aſſemblies were as crowded as uſual, and I was highly entertained at ſeeing the audience in the play-houſe burſt into a fit of of laughter at the diſtreſs of Beverly in the Gameſter, and almoſt cry at the farce. Such an event muſt be very mortifying to an actor. The next day I travelled in the coach for Ayr, in company with the actreſſes who had played in the above-mentioned tragedy; they had not yet recovered from the confuſion their reception threw them into. They took ſhipping at Ayr for Dublin, which is a very cheap paſſage: but as I intended to finiſh my ramble, I went to Port-Patrick, and after being toſſed about for twelve or fourteen hours, found myſelf once more in the land of potatoes.

In

In my former tour through Scotland I was aſtoniſhed at the appearance of comfort which prevails even in the highlands of that country. The peaſants, ſeated in their ſmoaky huts, did not appear at all ſurpriſed at ſeeing me, though I probably was the firſt ſtranger that had viſited them. The ſmoke of their huts, which I ſhould imagine would ſuffocate them, keeps them warm, in their own opinion. One of the Highlanders being aſked how he liked Edinburgh, anſwered that he did not conceive how they could ſpend the winter in houſes where the ſmoke got out through the roof.

Their language, the *Gaelic*, is different from all modern European languages, and reſembles thoſe different dialects of the Celtic, which may be found in the Britannic iſlands and on the continent. Having lately ſeen a work on this ſubject, I have choſen a few words, which may ſhew the analogy between theſe different dialects.

Engliſh.

Engliſh.	*Celtic of Cornwall.*	*Welſh.*	*Iriſh & Gaelic.*	*Language of Lower-Brittany.*
Mother.	Mam.	Mam.	Mathair.	Mam.
Son.	Mab.	Mob.	Mak.	Map.
Brother.	Bredar.	Brand.	Brathair.	Breur.
A Kiſs.	Impog.	Impok.	Pog.	Pok.
To Love.	Kara.	Kari.	Karam.	Karet.
Soul.	Ena.	Enaid.	Anain.	Ene.
Lamb.	Oan.	Oen.	Uan.	Oan.
Water.	Dour.	Dur.	Uiſgue & Dover.	Dur.

This ſpecimen may ſuffice to ſhew that theſe languages have the ſame origin: they cannot, however, underſtand one another; the inhabitants of Wales, Cornwall, and lower Brittany may, with ſome difficulty, comprehend each other; but thoſe from the mountains of Scotland and Ireland cannot.

Theſe peaſants are warmly attached to their country, and appear to be a faithful, brave, intelligent, and induſtrious people. When enliſted, they contrive to aſſiſt their parents out of their pay, though an Engliſhman can hardly ſubſiſt on it. As the harveſt is later in the high lands than in the

the lowlands they deſcend from their mountains in autumn, and after ſaving the harveſt, return home to ſupport their families, with what they have acquired. They were formerly governed by the chief of their clan or family, to whom they were obliged to pay the greateſt ſubmiſſion and even to eſpouſe his quarrels. I have heard that in order to aſſemble them a man went from door to door with a wooden croſs, the extremity of which was burned, and cried out, *Craig-Elachy*, in one clan, *Tulloch-Dar*, in another, for each had a particular denomination for the place of their meeting, which was generally celebrated for ſome mighty deeds. This cry was the ſignal of war, at the ſound of which every body ran to arms and went to his poſt. In ſome diſtricts of Scotland every perſon has the ſame name; they undoubtedly belong to the ſame family, and all of them rich and poor highly reſpect their chieftain; I know ſome poor fellows among them who refuſed ſixteen guineas from a ſtrange colonel who wiſhed to enliſt them, and accepted three from their chieftain, who was raiſing a regiment.

giment. Theſe prepoſſeſſions are on the decline, and I think it a pity, for though they tend to ſeparate a family from the reſt of ſociety, they connect its members ſo intimately together, that I conſider the union as highly reſpectable.

The majority of the Scotch are of the preſbyterian religion, which is purely republican with reſpect to its hierarchy. It conſiſts of four courts ſubordinate to each other; the pariſh-ſeſſions, the preſbytery, the provincial ſynod, and the general aſſembly. The ſeſſions ſignify a tribunal eſtabliſhed in each pariſh, conſiſting of the miniſter and elders of the pariſh. From thence there is an appeal to the preſbytery of the diſtrict, which is compoſed of twelve or fifteen pariſh-miniſters and as many elders. The buſineſs tranſacted there may be transferred to the ſynod, which conſiſts of the five or ſix next preſbyteries, and aſſemble but twice a year. From the deciſion of the ſynod there is an appeal to the general aſſembly, conſiſting of the

the deputies of all the preſbyteries in Scotland, and of a delegate from every univerſity and royal borough: The general aſſembly is the ſupreme tribunal, to which all the others are ſubject, and which meets every year. The king is repreſented there by a commiſſary, who muſt be a peer, and who has no right to controul their deliberations, except they wander from eccleſiaſtical ſubjects. This aſſembly are judges and legiſlators; there is no appeal from their deciſions on the ſentences of the inferior tribunals; but their power is limitted when they deliberate on a new law; it muſt be propoſed firſt to the different preſbyteries, and muſt be agreed to by the majority of them before it can paſs into a law. In Scotland there are between eight and nine hundred pariſhes, ſeventy-eight preſbyteries, and fifteen ſynods; the general aſſembly conſiſts of nearly two hundred and ſeventy members.

The miniſters of the pariſhes are in general better provided for than thoſe in any other part of Europe; their ſalary is between

tween fifty and two hundred pounds ſterling, but in general eighty or ninety pounds a year. Beſide this, they muſt get four acres of arable ground, and graſs for a horſe and two cows. They cannot receive holy orders until they have ſtudied eight years in an univerſity, and any immorality in their conduct may coſt them their place. Even in the remoteſt parts of the country they are ſociable and well informed. As there is no higher rank than that of a miniſter, the rich are not fond of entering into holy orders; nevertheleſs, ſome perſons in eaſy circumſtances prefer the clerical ſtate, and I have met with ſome of them quite eaſy and polite in their manners.

The ſervice conſiſts of a long ſermon and a pſalm in verſe. It generally continues two hours in the morning, and as they conſider any kind of muſic as profane, they have no organs in their churches, which renders their ſervice tedious. In ſome places I have remarked that the miniſter preached in a particular manner, keeping

keeping his eyes ſtedfaſtly fixed on ſome object, and never making the leaſt change in his countenance or alteration in his voice. Sometimes the poor pope gets a ſcolding; he is called the w——e of Babylon and the beaſt of the Apocalypſe; but towards the concluſion of the ſermon, he is recommended to the prayers of the faithful, as are alſo the Jews and Mahometans.

When a young girl commits a *faux pas*, ſhe is obliged to come to the church with her lover, and they are ſeverely reprimanded by the miniſter three ſundays in ſucceſſion. This ceremony is neglected in cities, but is practiſed in the country, as I have been told, with good effect. Their only religious ceremony is the *Lord's ſupper*, at which they receive the communion twice a year; they prepare themſelves for this ceremony by faſting on the thurſday previous to the ſunday on which they receive. On the faſt-day all the ſhops are ſhut, there is no work done, and the people go to the ſermon as on ſunday, but

they faſt only in ſpirit, for they look on abſtinence from food as a piece of ſuperſtition. Although I have not a proper conception of what they mean by faſting, when their bellies are full, I muſt confeſs I like their method very well and prefer it to that of———other nations; their other feſtivals are ſundays only, for they do not celebrate chriſtmas or eaſter. I have been told that a miniſter having, according to the uſual cuſtom, pronounced in a loud voice, before he diſtributed the communion, *Are there fornicators among ye? Let them be gone.—Are there gamblers among ye? Let them be gone.—Are there drunkards among ye? Let them be gone.* An infidel, who propably had not come there with diſpoſitions ſuitable to the occaſion, cried out, you might as well ſay, *Let every gentleman begone.*

I do not believe this ſtory with reſpect to the two firſt heads, but if the third order, *Let all the drunkards retire,* had been complied with, there was danger that the church would be quite abandoned.

A Highlander

A Highlander having been aſked by a Scotch gentleman, what did he ſuppoſe would make him quite happy, after ſcratching his head for ſome time, anſwered, "*A "kirkfu o' ſneeſhin, an a well o' whiſkey.*" (A church full of ſnuff and a well of whiſkey.) "But," ſaid the other, "if you got theſe "what more would you wiſh for?" "*Mair "ſneeſhin, an mair whiſkey.*" (More ſnuff and more whiſkey.)

All ſects of chriſtianity are tolerated in Scotland: there are no fewer than twenty in the preſbyterian religion. They watch each other very ſtrictly, and, perhaps, their number makes them all more zealous than they would otherwiſe be. But, though very much attached to their different ceremonies, they live very peaceably together. The catholics are the only perſons againſt whom they have any ſpleen, and this has been encouraged as a defence againſt the pretender; they appear to me to be as good citizens as any others, but prejudices, which have ſubſiſted two hundred years, cannot be eradicated in a day! beſides, all theſe

ſects are ſufficiently tolerant towards each other, ſo that young women make no ſcruple of marrying perſons of a different religion, and adopting their huſband's faith with as much zeal as they had that of their parents.

Juſtice is not adminiſtered in Scotland as in England. The court of ſeſſions reſembles the parliament of Paris, though there are but fifteen judges. All cauſes are decided by this court, after having before been inveſtigated by a ſingle judge. The ſpeed with which they decide lawſuits, cannot be too highly commended. Nevertheleſs, ſome of them are divided into two courts.

The ſtrictneſs of the manners of the Scotch contributes, perhaps, to render them leſs ſprightly in company. The young ladies are well educated, and of a captivating gaiety; nothing makes a man think of matrimony ſo much as the number of happy couples he ſees in this country. I have often ſaid that Scotland was the paradiſe

of

of huſbands! Nevertheleſs, theſe gentlemen appear inſenſible of their happineſs.

It is ſufficient to acknowledge a woman for a wife before witneſſes, to enable her to claim all the privileges of that office. When the Engliſh wiſh to marry, without being at the trouble of conſulting their friends, they drive off to Scotland, and in the firſt village they arrive at, receive the nuptial benediction from a farrier, celebrated for his ſkill in this employment.

CHAP. VIII.

BELFAST. . . . ARMAGH. . . . NEWRY.

THE reports ſpread in Scotland of the ſtate of Ireland, made me apprehenſive of returning to this country: I was, however, encouraged by the peaceable appearance of Donaghadee, and met with as kind a reception there, from Mr. Smith, as I had

before. Although the country was out of the king's peace, there was not the ſmalleſt diſturbance of any kind.

During my reſidence in this town I took notice of a cuſtom, which had before eſcaped me. In ſpite of the facility with which marriages are made up in Scotland, ſome women bring children into the world, without having previouſly received permiſſion from the clergy to propagate the ſpecies. The miniſter of Port-Patrick, not having it in his power to puniſh the guilty as they deſerve, inflicts the puniſhment on the fruits of their illicit commerce, whom he poſitively refuſes to baptize. The parents, ſinners as they are, do not wiſh to deprive their children of this ſpiritual purification, they conſequently ſend their offspring to Ireland, where they eaſily find a miniſter leſs rigid.

On the other hand the miniſters of the Engliſh church are unwilling to marry perſons they do not know, without the formality of bans, &c. In order to avoid this ceremony,

ceremony, theſe people go over to Scotland, and were a ſon and his mother, or a daughter and her father to preſent themſelves to the miniſter of Port-Patrick, he would not aſk them a ſingle queſtion, but ſay *You men and women I declare you married.* In fact it would be uſeleſs for him to refuſe, for, as I have already mentioned, a ſingle word before witneſſes, even in jeſt, or a letter, is ſufficient to render a marriage valid. But if you do not pronounce this fatal word, or write this letter, you may do what you pleaſe, without any apprehenſion of the conſequences, and hence proceed the b——ds, which give ſuch a heart-burn to the miniſter of Port-Patrick.

I ſaw alſo another branch of trade, of which I had before but a very imperfect idea, I mean that of rags: I had ſeen ſeveral houſes at Edinburgh, on which was written *rags ware-houſe*, or *money for rags*, but I had ſuppoſed it was for paper they were intended. The fact is, there are perſons who have ſpeculated on rags, and who purchaſe

purchaſe old cloths from the Scotch peaſants, (who are warmly clad) and ſell them to great advantage to the poor Iriſh.

Having been informed, that, though I travelled on foot, I ran no riſk in a country where government had thought it neceſſary to employ rigorous meaſures; I put my handkerchief on a ſtick and ſet out for Newtown-Ard. On entering the inn I perceived a notice over the door, on which was written, *If any perſon fires again on the ſentinel, orders will be given to burn the town.* The devil is in this thought I.

I was kindly received by Mr. Birch, whom I had ſeen in my former tour, and I once more viſited Belfaſt, where I arrived on the anniverſary of the king's birth-day. The garriſon fired ſeveral volleys in honour of his majeſty; the inhabitants of the town, who had been repreſented on the eve of inſurrection, were in a ſtate of ſtupefaction the conſequence of terror. There were illuminations in the evening; the ſoldiers ran through the ſtreets, with ſticks in their hands,

hands, and broke the windows of all thoſe who did not illuminate, and of many who did; they went even to the leaſt frequented parts of the city, where they acted in the ſame manner. They carried their officers about the city in triumph. The noiſe they made was really terrifying. Three weeks before it was the people who made a noiſe and aſſembled tumultuouſly: I muſt confeſs that a mob of ſoldiers or of citizens appear equally miſchievous to me, except that in the former caſe, when the officers watch their men there is leſs danger of their committing thoſe exceſſes, of which a mob, unreſtrained by any ſuperiors, are capable.

I think it will be long ere the people of Belfaſt forget the terror I ſaw them in; nevertheleſs, General Lake was all night riding through the ſtreets, and put ſome ſoldiers, who were too tumultous, under arreſt. He alſo diſperſed them, when the time appointed for the illuminations was over. The ſoldiers were ſo well pleaſed with the evening's amuſement, that they wiſhed

wiſhed to repeat it; the report was ſpread about the city that there were to be illuminations the night following. Soldiers like a little noiſe in every country, and General Lake was obliged to exert himſelf to prevent them from proceeding too far on this occaſion.

The day following as I wiſhed to ſee the ſovereign (for thus the magiſtrate of Belfaſt is called) I waited on him; there was a poor woman at the door, who ſhewed me the houſe, but told me that he was not within; "For," ſaid ſhe, "I have been "waiting with the expectation that he will "indemnify me for having my windows "broken."

As the troubles rendered Belfaſt a diſagreeable place of reſidence, I provided myſelf with a paſſport and ſet out. I was ſurpriſed to find the ſoldiers had taken the trouble of breaking the windows of houſes two or three miles from the town. I had got into the ſtage-coach, not wiſhing to travel through the country on foot after the

the ſcenes I had witneſſed. I paſſed through Liſburn, Hillſborough, and Dromore; the two firſt cities are ſituated in a charming and well-cultivated valley. Hillſborough, where the Marquis of Downſhire's caſtle is ſituated, is on an eminence which commands the country. It was at Liſburn the French refugees eſtabliſhed the firſt linen-manufactures, which have ſince become the chief branch of trade in the north. All theſe towns were full of ſoldiers and volunteers. The apprehenſion of ſpending my time unpleaſantly there, made me haſten my departure, particularly as I was deſirous of getting to ſome place where I ſhould meet with perſons for whom I had letters. I went to Bann-bridge, and preſented myſelf at Mr. Roſs Thomſon's.

This country is full of linen-manufactories, but the late troubles have injured commerce very much; the mills were nevertheleſs going, and it is to be hoped that one year's peace will ſet all to rights again. Martial law was rigorouſly executed here at that time: the inhabitants were obliged

to

to extinguiſh their lights at nine o'clock, and all perſons found in the ſtreets after that hour were liable to be arreſted. There was a fair while I was in this little town, and it paſſed without any appearance of diſturbance: the ſoldiers walked through the crowd, and obliged the women to take off any green thing they wore. If they had employed the one-fourth of the rigour in France, which they then did in this country, there certainly would have been no revolution. I may aſſert I was witneſs to two very remarkable circumſtances; the firſt was in France, where a weak government and ſtupid miniſters led a nation of royaliſts ſtep by ſtep to republicaniſm, and made them murder a king they eſteemed, and deſtroy a flouriſhing monarchy, of which they were enthuſiaſtic admirers. The ſecond, not leſs worthy of remark, is, that in Ireland a vigorous government, ſurrounded by its enemies, found means to ſubdue the turbulent ſpirit of a people who were diſſatisfied, and had been dazzled by the ſucceſs of the French innovators.

The

The audacity of the United Iriſhmen was daily increaſing, whilſt government did not moleſt them: the apprehenſion of their ſucceſs made them be joined by many timid perſons, who are always ready to join the ſtrongeſt party; when government appeared determined to put an end to the diſturbances, the moment the ſoldiers appeared, all was quiet.

The peaſants were, as uſual, the dupes of intriguers. The ſoldiers went about the country, and burned the the houſes of ſuch as were ſuſpected of taking the *United Iriſhman's* oath, or of having arms concealed; on many occaſions theſe were treated very ſeverely.

In my way to Armagh I paſſed through a charming country: near Tanderagee is a delightful and well-wooded valley in the middle of a park. Between this town and Armagh I met a troop of *Orange-men*, as they are called, with orange cockades and ſome of them with cravats of the ſame colour. The peaſants appeared to be very much

much afraid; I entered into one or two cabins to reſt myſelf, as uſual; they offered me whatever they had in the houſe, but not in the ſame cordial manner as they did before: an old woman ſaid to me, "You are come, ſir, from ſome diſtant "place, perhaps your umbrella, particu-"larly on account of the ſtring of it, may "bring you into trouble." I laughed at her apprehenſions, but when I reflected that as my umbrella and the ſtring of it were green, it might be taken notice of, I cut off the green ſtring.

I entered into the city of St. Patrick, and went to pay homage to the ſaint in the metropolitan church. It was founded, according to tradition, by the ſaint himſelf, on the ruins of a Druidical eſtabliſhment; hiſtorians relate that he had a great diſpute with the Druids at this place, in preſence of the great monarch who was then king of Ulſter, and that having converted the king, he baptized him and all his court, and then ſent miſſionaries into the other kingdoms of the iſland. The ancient cathedral

thedral was often deſtroyed by fire, and always rebuilt on the ſame foundation. This town had dwindled almoſt to a village, but Doctor Robertſon, the laſt archbiſhop, happening to be a public-ſpirited, well-informed man, and having no family, took a pleaſure in embelliſhing it, ſo that it is now a very pretty town. The cathedral is on a ſteep hill, (as the name *Ard* denotes.) In the ruins of it, an ancient croſs of a ſingle ſtone, with ſome figures on it repreſenting a man baptizing, was found a few years ago and it has been ſet up in the market-place.

Doctor Robertſon built an obſervatory at his own expenſe, and allotted a ſalary of three hundred a year to the perſon who lives in it: he has alſo eſtabliſhed a library well ſupplied with books, which is open four hours in the day. He built an hoſpital and many other edifices, and is undoubtedly as much entitled to the gratitude of his dioceſans as St. Patrick himſelf.

The revenues of the archbiſhopric amount to eight or nine thouſand a year, but the lands belonging to the ſee bring in £150,000 a year to the landholders.—If the archbiſhop had ſuch an immenſe revenue, government would probably be jealous of his wealth, and the landholders, who conſider theſe lands as the inheritance of their families, would be diſſatisfied; like all other benefices then, the leaſe is renewed at the end of twenty-one years by means of a *douceur*.

The demeſne of the archbiſhopric is really ſuperb: although the palace is a large, handſome building, it does not correſpond with the neighbouring improvements: there is in its vicinity an elegantly conſtructed chapel, in which there is ſome very fine ſtained glaſs.

There are four archbiſhops in Ireland, who all aſſume the title of primate; that of Armagh is primate of *all* Ireland; that of Dublin primate of Ireland; that of Caſhel primate of Munſter; and that of Tuam

Tuam primate of Connaught. In England there are but two, the archbiſhop of Canterbury primate of all England, and that of York primate of England. I am ſorry I do not remember how many there are in France, but, perhaps, the reader is not.

The country round Armagh is charming, and interſected by hills, plains, and pretty lakes. Among other places I ſaw, I took particular notice of Caſtle-Dillon and Drumely where I was kindly received by Colonel Spencer, with whom I had become acquainted laſt ſummer at Weſtport. The country about it is really a little paradiſe, it is impoſſible to ſee any where a more romantic ſpot! What a pity it is that the ſpirit of diſcord and party-rage have rendered it dangerous to reſide there.—Every morning we heard of ſome crime that had been committed by the inhabitants during the night. Every day ſome aſſaſſinations were committed, or ſome houſes burned. I went out with an officer, who was deſirous of inquiring into

the truth of theſe reports, and to viſit a man who was ſaid to have been ſeverely beaten; we found that he had really ſome marks, but they might have been received in a drunken quarrel. It was alſo reported that a poor woman's houſe had been plundered by ſome armed men, but this was all we could hear about it.

I think this a proper place to introduce the little information I was able to glean relative to the troubles which deſolate this fine country ſo long. The diſputes between the catholics and proteſtants originated from a quarrel between two peaſants at a fair. One of them was a catholic and the other a proteſtant; during the combat ſome fooliſh expreſſions were made uſe of on both ſides, and, as is uſual at fairs, the friends of the combatants took part on each ſide and began to fight with ſticks. The proteſtants were beat that day, but they retaliated at another fair, attacked the catholics in the ſtreets and killed ſeveral of them.

This

This animoſity prevailed for a long time between both ſects before government appeared to take any notice of it. At length the magiſtrates began ſome proſecutions, though they did not appear very active:—they began by executing the law which prohibits catholics from carrying arms. As the proteſtants could not be diſarmed, the catholics were thus left at their mercy.

I have been aſſured, alſo, that ſeveral perſons were more favourable to proteſtants in order not to loſe their votes at the elections. This encouraged them, and they formed themſelves into military corps, aſſuming the name of *Orange-boys*, as if they were partizans of the prince of Orange and of the revolution of 1688. The others, with more appearance of juſtice, called themſelves *Defenders*, ſince at firſt they certainly had no idea but that of defending themſelves. The *Orange-boys* had every advantage over their antagoniſts, as they were armed and the others were not. At length they wrote to ſuch Defenders as they wiſhed to get rid of, *Peter or James*

go

go to Connaught or to Hell, for here you muſt not dwell. Several refuſed to obey this barbarous order, the conſequence was that, during the night, the beams which ſupported their houſes were cut down, and theſe unfortunate people were cruſhed by the ruins; at other times the Orange-boys fired ten or a dozen ſhots into the part of the houſe where it was known that they ſlept. Theſe atrocities made the *Defenders* retaliate with equal cruelty; no exertions were made to put a ſtop to them. The families of both ſects, terrified by theſe enormities, ſold their moveables and retired to Connaught, where I ſaw many who had been received by Colonel Martin and Lord Altamount.

When things had come to this point, it is rather ſingular that troubles of a very different kind broke out in the neighbouring counties. Thoſe of Armagh were really a religious war, thoſe of the county Down, Antrim and Londonderry were carried on under pretence of parliamentary reform, and the perſons implicated

ſpoke

ſpoke of all religions with indifference. The ſame men who, under the maſk of religion, had been guilty of acts of the greateſt cruelty towards their countrymen, affected, under the title of *United Iriſhmen*, to be perſuaded that all religions were equal, or rather believed in none.

They aſſembled, choſe their chiefs, openly profeſſed republican principles, and declared they waited only for the landing of the French in order to join them.

It is certain that this new ſpirit of diſſention, by placing the troubles of Armagh in a ridiculous light, in a great meaſure contributed to appeaſe them.—But theſe doctrines, on account of their relation to the French revolution, might have become more dangerous; we have ſince witneſſed the exceſſes committed by the *United Iriſhmen*. I mentioned ſome of them before I went to Scotland. But I was then convinced that the vigorous exertions of government would ſoon put an end to theſe troubles.

Such

Such was the ſituation of this country when I paid a viſit to Scotland. At my return I ſhould, perhaps, have found it in the ſame ſtate, if the appearance of the French fleet in Bantry-Bay, had not made government ſenſible of the dangers which threatened them, and of the neceſſity of employing rigorous meaſures.

Before the French had appeared on the Iriſh coaſt, although their projects of invaſion were ſpoken of, few precautions were taken againſt it. But when the confuſion, cauſed by the firſt moments of alarm, began to ſubſide, government began to think ſeriouſly of putting this kingdom into a reſpectable ſtate of defence. Corps of yeomanry were raiſed in different parts of the country. Several regiments were ſent over from England, particularly to the province of Ulſter, where the diſturbances commenced; experienced and reſolute commanders were appointed, and when government had taken every precaution in order to ſecure ſucceſs, they began to uſe rigorous meaſures againſt the diſaffected. The

The Generals were ordered to oblige the peaſants to deliver up their arms and to take the oath of allegiance. The United Iriſhmen, who had been accuſtomed to obey their chiefs alone, paid no attention to theſe orders at firſt; but when they ſaw that they were to be treated with ſeverity, that their houſes were burned, and that when they were illegally aſſembled they were diſperſed by the army; their audacity was immediately ſucceeded by terror, and they did whatever was required from them.

It is very extraordinary that at this period the diſturbances of Armagh were renewed, and that the religious diſſentions of this country ſerved to appeaſe the political diſturbances of the United Iriſhmen, as the latter had put an end to the former a few months before.

The renewal of the religious diſputes in Armagh was attended with dreadful aſſaſſinations and inſtances of cruel revenge on both ſides; the *Orange-men* accompanied

nied the magiſtrates in their reſearches, and many of them having been *united*, they diſcovered arms and often committed exceſſes, which we muſt always expect from an armed mob when connived at.—Catholics could not be received among the *Orange-men*, even though they ſhould take the oath. The majority of the inhabitants of this country ſwore they had never been nor never would be United Iriſhmen, and that they did not know what the term meant. In fact their quarrel being of a different kind, it is natural to think they told truth.

I knew a brave commander who favoured neither party, but was always ready to redreſs the injured, whatever their political creed might have been. This was nobly done, but he ought to have a great force, for otherwiſe both parties might have combined againſt him. Party-diviſions of this kind are certainly a great misfortune; yet they may be turned to good account by a ſkilful government, which might play them off againſt each other and prevent them from joining againſt itſelf.

Although I did not hear that the *Orangemen* made uſe of their threats of *Connaught* or of *Hell* on this occaſion; yet their ruling principle appears to have been their wiſh of getting rid of the catholics; but the means they employed were not ſo cruel. Commerce had been very much injured in the north, where the workmen were unemployed and beſides expoſed to the rage of their enemies: an old prophecy was artfully circulated among the peaſants, which mentions, "That a time will come when "all thoſe, in this part of the country, "who have not embraced the modern er-"rors, will be deſtroyed by war or fa-"mine. But, on the contrary, the faith-"ful will proſper on the other ſide of the "Shannon." This prophecy was aſcribed to *St. Ikolm* or *Columb*.

To this was added that every thing was cheap near Limerick, Galway and Weſtport, where workmen could get employment enough and be well paid for their labour. Theſe poor people, who are as timid and credulous as any in the univerſe,

ſet out in crowds, with their families and whatever property they poſſeſſed, in order to take refuge beyond the Shannon. I often met ſome of theſe wandering families on the way; the father and mother were carrying their moveables and ſuch children as could not walk on their backs, followed by the other children who were alſo loaded with furniture, accompanied by the *faithful* pig and even by ſome poultry. It was by chatting with ſome of them that I heard of *St. Ikolm's* prophecy, and of the favourable account of the country whither they were going.

The inhabitants of Armagh were ſo much accuſtomed to hear of the exceſſes committed in the night, that they ſpoke of them with the greateſt indifference: in the next county very little was known about them, and I do not ſuppoſe that the hundredth part was ever known in Dublin.—In fact the account of the crimes committed by both parties was ſuch as to produce no intereſt in favour of the ſufferers. I ſaw a man quite drunk come to complain that

that his brother-in-law had been murdered by a party of four or five hundred men, who were marching towards the town: his brother had, it is true, been killed, but it was in a private quarrel, and the ſoldiers who went out did not meet with any perſons of an hoſtile appearance. I have heard that ſome of the peaſants were ſo wicked as to plunder and burn their own houſes, in order to get their enemies puniſhed for it. The following ſtory appears incredible to me: I was told that a peaſant, who had been reconciled with another by a magiſtrate, came to complain the day following, accuſing his adverſary of having bit off his ear, and drawing the ear out of his pocket he ſhewed it to the juſtice of peace, who was ſo ſhocked by the account, that he ſent the perſon who had been accuſed to priſon. This poor fellow denied the charge, and a ſurgeon being ſent for, it was proved that the ear had been cut off with a razor, and by the man himſelf, with a view of getting his enemy puniſhed.

This country, which is beyond a doubt the fineſt in Ireland, is that in which the inhabitants reſemble moſt what the Engliſh call the *wild Iriſh*. The animoſity which prevails between the different ſects may be conſidered as partly the cauſe of it, but if they had not this pretext they would ſoon find others. The true reaſon is, the goodneſs of the country has attracted ſtrangers, who have multiplied there very faſt, and who having at length become too numerous to ſhare the country with the ancient inhabitants, would be glad to expel them in order to become the ſole poſſeſſors: the others, on their ſide, reaſon preciſely in the ſame manner; the quarrels of neighbours, which would be thought nothing of elſewhere, become ſerious here. The quarrels of individuals are embraced by their friends, the cudgels are brandiſhed, and all the miſchief they can do their antagoniſts appears meritorious to them; in conſequence of this if government favours any party, it ſeizes with avidity on the opportunity of triumphing over the other, and ſuch is their mutual hatred, that if

government

government favoured one party for a fortnight and then took the other under its protection, it would find them ready for an attack.

Charlemaine, wiſhing to tranſplant a part of the inhabitants from a diſtrict of his dominions, already too populous, and in which he apprehended an inſurrection, into another, the inhabitants of which he did not conſider as ſufficiently attached to him, ordered the inhabitants, without any ceremony, to quit the country where they were eſtabliſhed and to ſettle in the other. This method would appear cruel and arbitrary in a country governed by the Britiſh conſtitution; but it would prevent theſe diſputes, which, if they continue, will ruin this fine country.

I heſitated whether I ſhould publiſh theſe details: but as the troubles of Armagh had excited the curioſity of the publick, I thought it better to give an account of them, and to tell what I knew; for though an honeſt man may remain ſilent if he

thinks fit, when he ſpeaks he ought to tell the truth.

It is rather odd that during theſe diſturbances, a traveller might purſue his journey in perfect ſafety, or, indeed, any one might during the day. When I was ſure of this, I reſolved to go on, as uſual, and ſet out for Newry. I ſpoke to ſeveral peaſants on the way, and went into a houſe, where I got potatoes and milk as I would in any other part of the iſland; if I had not heard of the nocturnal diſturbances, I would have ſuppoſed the country to have been in perfect tranquillity. I met with an empty car into which I got; the driver told me his buſineſs was to carry goods from one end of the kingdom to the other, and that he had then come from Weſtport. When this poor fellow ſaw the ſteeple of Newry, he took off his hat and cried huzza, "It is an entire fortnight," ſaid he, "ſince "I quitted my parents, it revives me to "ſee the ſteeple of my place." I could not help thinking that he had ſome reaſon to be glad.

When

When we came near the town, according to cuſtom, he aſked me my name and country; in order to avoid queſtions, I told him that my name was *Mac. Tocnaye.*

Newry is ſituated between high mountains, and yet enjoys all the advantages of the plain: it is only three or four miles from the ſea, but the ſhips eaſily get to it through the mouth of the river and the canal, which afterwards joins Lough-Neagh. A conſiderable trade for linen was carried on there, which has been injured very much by the troubles.*

The party-diſputes here were totally unconnected with thoſe of Armagh; theſe were of a political nature, like thoſe of Belfaſt. A ſhort time before my arrival, the ſoldiers had begun to employ rigorous meaſures, and unfortunately at one time on

* The year before the troubles 1794, a merchant of Newry had ſold, to my knowledge, upwards of eighty thouſand pounds worth of linen, and gained a profit of thirty thouſand pounds ſterling.

on a falſe report; on this occaſion eighteen men were killed. Some people came to the town and reported that a body of the *united* men had retired into a little wood, had committed ſome depredations and attacked a corps of yeomanry. The troops immediately on receiving this account ſet out, and got to the place that had been pointed out to them. The meeting in the wood conſiſted of poor timid people, who took refuge there, and had neither arms nor proviſions; before this was known there were eighteen of them ſhot.

The regiment of cavalry then at Newry was compoſed of Welchmen and newly raiſed. On coming to this country they expected to find the people half ſavages and in open rebellion; in conſequence of this idea they landed as if they had arrived in an enemy's country, and, particularly in the beginning, rendered themſelves very formidable to the inhabitants. I believe, however, that the terror they inſpired was often productive of beneficial conſequences, as I am convinced the inhabitants of

Newry

Newry will long remember the *Ancient Britons.*

I ſoon quitted this country, for, though I met with a kind reception in it, I hate theſe diſputes; Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox had annoyed me during the winter, and that was fully ſufficient. In Ireland people are reaſonable enough on the ſcore of politics: as it is a ſerious ſubject in this country, there is ſcarce any difference of opinion between genteel people, and you do not offend any perſon by dining wherever you are invited. They ſpeak leſs about the troubles of the country than they do in Great Britain: the letter I had for Newry was addreſſed to a perſon who had been arreſted and liberated on bail; far from having diſpleaſed people of different ſentiments by lodging at his houſe, on the contrary, they told me "It was well done, "it was ſo much gained from the enemy."

I croſſed over the narrow chain of mountains near Newry, and was ſorry to perceive that the inhabitants here had ſuffered more

more than their neighbours. I ſaw many houſes that had been burned in order to oblige the peaſants to give up their arms. Theſe poor wretches denied at firſt that they had any; when they were threatened with having their houſes burned, and even while they were actually burning, they appeared unmoved, but when they were actually burned to the ground, their courage forſook them, and they often dug up a muſket which they gave to the magiſtrate; it would ſurely have been more prudent to have done this before. Undoubtedly many innocent perſons ſuffered on a falſe accuſation of ſome malicious enemy; this is a great misfortune, but often unavoidable. I often thought that the peaſants were unwilling to give up their arms on account of their intrinſic value; if the price of them, or even half the price had been offered them, I do not imagine they would have been ſo unwilling to comply.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

DROGHEDA.... BATTLE OF THE BOYNE. SLAINE.... RETURN TO DUBLIN.

IT was with ſome pleaſure I ſaw myſelf at the other ſide of theſe mountains, for my ſituation had been diſagreeable in the diſturbed counties. If I went to the houſe of a perſon attached to government, my being a Frenchman appeared ſuſpicious to him. If I went to a perſon of oppoſite ſentiments, when he had ſeen my paſſports, he did me the honour of ſuppoſing me to have been employed by government, in order to report the ſtate of the country and of the diſaffected. A man I met on the road wanted to initiate me in the ſecrets of the *union:* I adviſed him to take care to whom he ſpoke on that ſubject; his eyes immediately ſparkled with rage, and if I had not ſhewn him the inſide of my parapluie, he would probably have *united* his cudgel with my head; but he ſoon took an opportunity of parting company.

Dundalk

Dundalk is a pretty little town, ſituated in a charming plain on the bank of the ſea, at the foot of the mountains of Newry. It was a fair-day; there were patroles marching through the fair-place, and every thing was quiet. I ſoon quitted this place, with the expectation that the farther I advanced the leſs I ſhould ſee of theſe military precautions. I paſſed through Caſtle-Belingham and arrived at Dunleer, after walking twenty-five Iriſh miles that day. I walked too faſt to make any remarks worth mentioning.

I obſerved that that it was not linen but the raw thread they were bleaching at Dunleer. The linen is not ſo white as when it has been milled but muſt be more durable, as the friction of the mills is very violent.

In ſpite of the rain I went to Drogheda, and ſaw in the middle of theſe barren mountains, which ſeparate this town from Dunleer, one of theſe round towers at ſome diſtance in the country; it was very high,

and

and is well preſerved. Some worthy perſon, alſo, from a motive of benevolence, had put over a ſpring this inſcription, *this is a ſpring of water*, on a piece of wood; if it was a ſpring of whiſkey, thought I, it would not be ſo full and much better frequented.

Drogheda was formerly very ſtrong; at preſent its trade is conſiderable, and it is agreeably ſituated. I would have remained there ſome time if the perſons for whom I had letters had not been abſent; and as I have not learned the art of holding converſe with the walls, like moſt of my fellow-travellers, I thought proper to decamp.

I walked along the Boyne, which runs through Drogheda. It is well known that on the banks of this river king James's fate was decided: his partizans accuſe him of having loſt this battle by the ſame weakneſs by which he loſt the throne: he fled long before the battle was loſt: ſome days after his generals fought another, and ſucceeded in retreating to Limerick. I felt a

ſentiment of pleaſure mingled with gloomy reflections in paſſing through the theatre of the warlike atchievements of the laſt century. A peaſant ſhewed me the different poſitions of the armies, the hill on which king James remained during the battle, the place where his ſon-in-law, William, paſſed the river at the head of his troops and defeated his enemies. From the inſpection of the ground it is inconceivable how king James's army could be forced to fight, and ſtill leſs how its retreat could be cut off. It is an undoubted fact that the advantages of ſituation and number were on their ſide. A very high obeliſk has been raiſed at ſome diſtance from the place where king William croſſed the river, and where his general, Marſhal Schomberg, was killed; it is on a rock which juts out into the river; the pedeſtal is covered with Engliſh and Latin inſcriptions relative to the ſubject.

In any caſe there would have been an obeliſk there; if James had been victorious what a ſublime inſcription would have been

been written in honour of him! Succeſs decides and juſtifies every thing. If France be a republick in a hundred years hence, the monarchy will be abhorred for ever, if, on the contrary, royalty be reſtored, the republick will be deteſted.

The peaſant who ſhewed me theſe places had no idea of the hiſtory of this battle, "Why did they erect this obeliſk?" ſaid I to him. "On account of the place "where the man was killed," ſaid he. "What man?" "*Why, to be ſure, king "William.*"

I quitted theſe places renowned in the hiſtory of Great Britain, and going along the fertile valley of the Boyne, got to Slaine. The moment a perſon quits the ſea-coaſt he meets with a different people. It was not without ſome ſatisfaction that I recogniſed the curious cuſtoms and ſingular monuments I had before remarked in the ſouth and weſt of Ireland.

I firſt met with a funeral: it was preceded by a child carrying a white rod with cut paper on it, and followed by a number of women crying. They do not cry in the ſame manner as the women of the ſouth. It appeared to me they were more regular; the women remained ſilent at intervals, and during theſe did not tear their hair nor ſtrike their breaſts. Nor did they cry in the ſame manner: in the ſouth it was a *pi li lu*, or *hu lu lu;* the manner of crying here reſembled that in which the preſbyterians ſing pſalms, as I could diſtinguiſh *oh, ah, oh, ah, oh, ah,* after which there was an interval of ſilence, during the time that might have been neceſſary to ſing theſe melancholy notes, which at a diſtance had ſome degree of melody. The paper carried by the child is put at the head of the tomb, with a bundle of oſier-rods, and if one of theſe takes root it is conſidered as a happy omen, for they let the tree grow.

The town of Slaine had been built by Mr. Burton Conyngham, to whom it belonged;

longed; he had a park and a handſome houſe on the variegated banks of the Boyne. I preſented myſelf there, and was moſt hoſpitably and kindly received by Lord and Lady Conyngham. My firſt ramble in the neighbourhood was to the tomb of the worthy man who had protected me, and whoſe loſs will not be eaſily repaired. At my departure from Dublin laſt year, his houſe was the firſt I viſited, and it was at his houſe alſo that I was hoſpitably received at the concluſion of my rambles.

At the top of a hill near this little town are conſiderable ruins, which were formerly a college; from the top of the ſteeple, which is tolerably well preſerved, there is a good proſpect of the plain of the Boyne: at a ſhort diſtance are two of theſe round towers I have ſo often ſpoken of. Near this ſeminary is a *Rath** or Daniſh fort, of

* Theſe *Rath* are aſcribed to the Danes; but unjuſtly, for, by the *Brehon* laws, it appears that ſome chiefs alone were permitted to build them as a mark of diſtinction.

which the breaſtwork is very high. I think there muſt have been an altar of the Druids on the ſouth ſide: two of the lateral ſtones are ſtill ſtanding, and the chief ſtone covers a cavern in the inſide of the church. It is in the neighbourhood of *New Grange* that the moſt extraordinary remains of the religion of theſe ancient prieſts are to be ſeen.

General Vallancey calls it an *Antrum Mythræ*, and pretends it was a temple dedicated to *Muidhr*, whom he has nearly demonſtrated to have been the *Mahody* of the Gentoos and the *Mithra* of the Perſians. The grotto of *New Grainge* is made in the form of a croſs: at the place where the branches meet there is a dome about twenty or thirty feet high: at each of the extremities there is a hollow ſtone of an oval form, near four feet long and three broad. The entrance is towards the ſouth, a little inclined to the eaſt, and each of the extremities of the croſs is towards the other points of the compaſs. The vault, which ſerves for an entry, conſiſts of large flat ſtones

ſtones ſupported on the ſides by others ſix feet high. The dome in the middle conſiſts of enormous maſſes of ſtone piled over each other without any mortar. Over this and on the ſides are characters which cannot be decyphered, they are ſpiral circles; there are others on one or two of the ſtones near the paſſage. The vault and the paſſage which leads to it are covered by an artificial mountain about forty feet high, a hundred and fifty long, and eighty broad at the top. This weight has rendered the paſſage narrow, ſo that I was obliged to creep in on my belly.

The inſide of this monument was formerly paved; but unfortunately a peaſant in Connaught dreamed that a treaſure was buried here and came to dig it: he was aſſiſted by ſome of his countrymen, equally credulous and equally convinced of the reality of their nocturnal viſions; they removed all the ſtones of which the floor was made up, broke one of the veſſels and removed the other into a corner and found nothing. This monument is ſurrounded by

by ſtones, on which there are ſome characters like thoſe of the inſide. It muſt have required a vaſt deal of labour to conſtruct this artificial mountain. There are two or three hills of the ſame kind in this neighbourhood, in which, if they were examined, perhaps ſome monuments might be found that would throw light on ancient hiſtory. I am inclined to believe that the cavern of St. Patrick's purgatory in the iſland of Derg, was conſtructed nearly in this manner, and that it would be worth examining. It is remarkable that the croſs was revered by ſeveral nations of antiquity, long before the eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity, and whilſt it was an inſtrument of puniſhment. At Caſi, on the banks of the Ganges, a temple has been diſcovered which was built in this manner. The deſcription of this monument may give us ſome idea of the ſolitary places in which the Druids celebrated their religious ceremonies: they placed their altars in the midſt of woods, and their temples in caves where the rays of the ſun, to whom they are ſuppoſed to have been dedicated, could not

not penetrate. In this reſpect they imitated the ancient Perſians and Egyptians, who preſerved the ſacred fire in dark caverns.

General Vallancey has lately received from an officer in the Eaſt India company's ſervice, who had been admitted into the ſchool of the Gentoos at Benares, ſome accounts which prove that his conjectures about the ancient traditions of this country are ſupported by the hiſtories of the Bramins; theſe pretend that their anceſtors were formerly *Scuthi* or Scythians, and inhabited the Britannic iſlands which they call Tricatachel or the mountain with three tops. According to this account, they place in Ireland, which they call *Suvarna*, the place of the expiation of ſouls, which they call Dirgha and pronounce Dirgh, and give terrible deſcriptions of it, nearly the ſame Matthew Paris gives of the place in the iſland of the Lake *Dearg*. If to this we add the analogy between the eaſtern languages, particularly the Sanſcrit and the Iriſh, we can ſcarcely entertain a doubt

doubt that the inhabitants of theſe countries are of the ſame origin. Theſe reſearches throw light on the primitive races of mankind; thoſe anceſtors of the human race, who from the mountains of Aſia have led their numerous colonies to every part of the globe.

The Boyne is a charming river and well ſtocked with fiſh: ſalmon are caught in baſkets like theſe of Caermarthen in Wales, which the fiſhermen alſo ſometimes put on their heads as umbrellas. Mr. Burton Conyngham in company with three others built a very extenſive mill on the ſide of this river, which ſupplies Drogheda with flour.

In the park at Slaine is a holy well, where the country people come to make their rounds. On the hill, near the ruins of the ſeminary, is another well, to which is aſcribed the virtue of rendering women prolific, a virtue they do not by any means want in this country. It is ſaid that the virtues of this well are on the decline of late,

late, it was probably more efficacious before the deſtruction of the ſeminary.

I remarked ſome children with a little woollen bag tied about their neck by a ſtring: a good woman of this country told me it was the goſpel which was tied about their necks by the prieſts, in order to preſerve them from ſickneſs. In ſome countries the prieſts ſtrive to make the people ſuperſtitious; in others the people endeavour to make the prieſts ſo.

I went along the pleaſant banks of the Boyne, and ſaw near Slaine a pillar of ſtone covered with curious figures and ſome Iriſh characters, which I could not read nor get explained to me, for in this part of the country it is almoſt impoſſible to find any perſon that ſpeaks Engliſh, when the labourers are at their work.

Within a mile of Navan I ſaw at Donoughmore the round tower which I had perceived from the hill near Slaine. There is ſome peculiarity in this, which proves it

it to have been built ſince the eſtabliſhment of chriſtianity. On the key-ſtone of the vault which forms the entrance (which, like others, is fifteen or twenty feet from the ground) there is a crucifix engraved; but I have been ſince told that the period at which the ſtone was put there is well known. It is generally believed that theſe round towers were built long before the chriſtian era: antiquarians have aſcribed different uſes to them; ſome have ſuppoſed them to have been intended to contain the ſacred fire; others have imagined they were inhabited by hermits. For my part I have not invented any ſyſtem relative to them; I ſhall only obſerve that in the Levant, from time immemorial, there are Minarets near the temples and moſques and even near large edifices, and at the hour of prayers a dervirſe gets up to the top and ſummons the people to them, either with ſome inſtrument or ſimply with his voice. The only objection to this explanation is that the windows are too ſmall; that of *Swords* near Dublin was the only one I ſaw where there were four large windows towards

towards the four cardinal points; it appeared to be of a different conſtruction from the others. The entrance is on a level with the ground, and there are ſquare holes viſible on the inſide, evidently for the purpoſe of putting beams into them.

In the grave-yard, oppoſite the ſtone on which the crucifix is cut, is a large ſtone, on which people kneel ſo often that it is hollow. On one of the tomb ſtones is the following inſcription: *Here lies O'Connor who was gathered here at the age of one hundred and four years.* *Gathered* is a curious term.

Navan is entirely an Iriſh town, and although this does not ſignify that it very clean or very pretty, I like it the better for it; I wiſh they ſtrove to improve the taſte and cuſtoms of the country, but not to deſtroy them. But the general wiſh is to have every thing in the Engliſh faſhion, and this is not right. They intend, by means of a canal, to continue the naviga-

tion of the Boyne to Trim and from thence to the great canal between Dublin and Limerick.

Not being very much fatigued when I was about nine miles from Dublin, I aſked if there was an inn on my way to it; I was told there was at Cluny. The name appeared a good omen to me; but *Cluny was no more:* I found this but a poor village. I went on further but ſaw no inn, and concluded I ſhould be under the neceſſity of terminating my journey as I had commenced it, by ſleeping in a cabin. It was eleven o'clock when I got within eleven miles of Dublin; I was reflecting that perhaps I ſhould be ſtopped by the patroles, when a return poſt-chaiſe paſſed by me. I got into it and returned back a few miles.

I ſet out next morning early for the capital, and paſſed through extenſive plains, where the peaſants were obliged to burn herbs from the ſcarcity of fuel. About ten

ten o'clock I got into the pretty village of Finglaſs; and having got under a portico to take ſhelter from a ſhower of rain, a gentleman came out and obliged me to go in and breakfaſt with him. I think there is not a large city in Europe where a foot paſſenger would meet with ſo polite a reception.

I went towards the eaſt as far as Clontarf, the place where the Danes were defeated by O'Brien Boroimhe, the twenty-third of April 1014, one hundred and fifty ſeven years before the invaſion of the Engliſh: from this place there is a charming proſpect of the bay of Dublin and of the mountain of Howth, which juts into the ſea like the rock of Gibraltar. The mound erected for the purpoſe of preventing an accumulation of ſand in the mouth of the Liffay, may be ſeen three miles off. Near this place is the charming park of Marino: the temple Lord Charlemount has built there, is undoubtedly a model of architecture, in which I do not think it poſſible that any of thoſe defects, ſo conſpicuous

in the publick buildings of Dublin, can be diſcovered.*

I at length entered the capital on the north ſide; I had gone out of it on the ſouth ſide about a year before. My return and departure were in ſome reſpects ſimilar, for I dined on the day I returned where I had dined the day of my departure, and in the evening ſlept in the lodging I had been in before.

The changes, occaſioned by the critical ſituation of theſe countries, were not ſo ſtriking as in Great Britain. Nevertheleſs the genteel people were getting into the yeomanry. There were companies of lawyers and attornies,† on foot and on horeſeback;

* The parliament-houſe of Dublin is a magnificent building; but by a ſtrange piece of negligence, a Doric entablature has been put over Corinthian columns.

† I have been aſſured that there were five hundred perſons in the infantry of the attornies' corps, and

horſeback; revenue-officers, merchants, ſcholars and profeſſors, all were yeomen. The cavalry ſeemed very well adapted for this country, as their horſes were vigorous and active.

Charity-ſermons were ſtill the faſhion in Dublin. There is, perhaps, no city in the world where ſo much money is beſtowed in charity, and probably on this account there is none where there are ſo many beggars. The troubles of the country and the war had left many workmen unemployed; I have been aſſured that they counted twenty thouſand in Dublin alone;

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and that there many others who were not enliſted. The lawyers and attornies exerciſed very well from the beginning, which, as a wit remarked, was not ſurpriſing, for, before they entered the yeomanry, *they knew very well how to charge.*

It was alſo remarked that that the revenue officers were right in forming a corps, *for they knew very well how to hinder a landing.* In ſpite of theſe jeſts theſe two corps are very fine, and would have done honour to any army.

alms to the amount of four hundred pounds a week were collected for them, and yet, I have been aſſured, they were ſo numerous that none of them received more than five-pence a week. This ſum would, however, be ſufficient to attract all the beggars of Ireland to Dublin.

I found the houſe of induſtry was conducted on the ſame plan as formerly; Count Rumford's improvements were not adopted. In eſtabliſhments of this kind it is difficult to perſuade the adminiſtrators to change their ancient cuſtoms. Beſides his oeconomical oven, and his tubes for conveying heat, are ſuitable only to a houſe where there about thirty perſons. There are ſeventeen hundred here.

Drunkenneſs contributes to keep the poor people here ignorant and wretched. Nothing can be more diſguſting than to ſee poor wretches, covered with rags, and having two or three naked children, ſtaggering out of a whiſkey-ſhop and aſking charity from paſſengers though ſcarce able

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to ſpeak. Such objects are badly calculated to excite compaſſion, though they inſpire a ſentiment of horror. I have been aſſured by many that drunkenneſs was formerly as common in England; but ſince the *gin act* has rendered ſpirits too dear for them, they have gradually been cured of this pernicious habit, and drink *porter*, a nouriſhing wholeſome beverage, with which they ſeldom get intoxicated. A *whiſkey act* would render equal ſervice to the people of Ireland, and would infallibly eradicate this odious vice, which prevents the poor from exerting themſelves, and condemns them to idleneſs, filthineſs, and miſery.

The manners and cuſtoms of the people have ſomething particular in each county of Ireland: on this account, an attentive obſerver finds a perpetual fund of amuſement, which is totally loſt to the perſon who travels in a ſtage-coach. In general, all the reports, from which the prejudices of Engliſhmen, with reſpect to this country, have

have originated, are either quite falſe or very much exaggerated.

The prejudice in favour of the antiquity of families is not ſo great as is reported; the addition of an *O* or *Mac* to the name is chiefly adopted by adventurers who quit this country. Here they do not at preſent pay much attention to theſe diſtinctions. It is true they make a diſtinction between the ancient Iriſh families and the modern, or thoſe who came over with Strongbow, about ſix hundred years ago; but this proceeds rather from an idea of independence than from family-pride; thus, even at preſent, in ſome parts of the country, the peaſants treat their landlords as the repreſentatives of the ancient Iriſh kings. The moſt remarkable inſtance of this, is, Roderick O'Connor, the deſcendant of the kings of Connaught and of the laſt monarch of Ireland, at the time of the Engliſh invaſion in 1171. I have been aſſured that this gentleman's ſervants knelt before him, and that no perſon was covered in his preſence without his permiſſion; he is addreſſed by the name

name of O'Connor, without any addition. I am ſorry that I have not ſeen him, particularly as I had a letter for him; but I was never nearer than forty miles to his houſe. The golden crown of the laſt monarch is ſaid to be preſerved in his family, although ſome people believe it was ſold to a jeweller, which would be a pity. Although my notions may be conſidered gothic, I cannot help declaring that I think there is ſomething reſpectable in this cuſtom. There are many perſons of the name of O'Neil, whoſe anceſtors were kings of Ulſter, many O'Briens, who were formerly kings of Munſter, and M'Dermots and O'Reilly's, ſovereigns of Leinſter: I never heard that any degree of homage was paid any of them.

The changes lately brought about in Ireland by the moderation of the government, afford ſome reaſon to hope, that, except ſome extraordinary revolution happens, the inhabitants of this country will look on themſelves as one people, and will

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no longer conſider themſelves as divided into the conquerors and the conquered. The landholders, who, until very lately, conſidered their property as inſecure, and endeavoured to get as much money as poſſible from their eſtates, careleſs of the miſery of their countrymen, perceive at length that the prejudices, with regard to their mode of acquiring their eſtates are obliterated: they are now convinced that they are the real poſſeſſors of the eſtates which their anceſtors acquired by uſurpation. The people are alſo accuſtomed to ſee them occupy the places of the ancient proprietors. From theſe cauſes the rich begin to intereſt themſelves about the country from which they derive their wealth; and as they are ſure of being able to tranſmit their inheritance to their poſterity, they endeavour to improve it, and to ameliorate the condition of the peaſantry.

The proſperity of this country muſt be the natural conſequence of this change, and I think that if goverment purſues the plan

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it has adopted, and ſucceeds in eradicating the cauſes of ſedition, the Iriſh nation will be as flouriſhing, happy, and reſpectable, as they have hitherto been miſrepreſented and misjudged.

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